The Outlook

Volume 137 May 14, 1924 Number 2

Germany Indorses Dawes, but—

FOR such blessings as the German elections may bring to the world the lovers of peace and concord should be devoutly thankful.

A majority of ten is not a very wide margin for parliamentary government, and that is about all that the coalition of the parties of moderation has over the extremists of both the radical and the reactionary sort. Among those included in the moderates are members of the Reichstag who represent views which in America would be regarded as extremely conservative, not to say reactionary. The so-called People's Party represents, for example, the industrialists, of whom the late Hugo Stinnes was typical. The most wholesome and trustworthy element in German politics, which bears the title of Socialist but consists of many whose ideas are not far removed from liberal thought in this country, lost heavily; and correspondingly the Communists gained. The comic tragedians represented by Ludendorff did not gain as much as some feared; but the Reichstag will not lack Ludendorff himself, or Prince von Bismarck, or Admiral von Tirpitz, or Count von Bernstorff, or Count August zu Eulenburg, the former master of ceremonies at the Kaiser's Court. There was much bowing and scraping, it is reported, when Hohenzollern princes voted at Potsdam.

It is much too soon to tell whether the Government, as a consequence of the elections, will have either the mind or the heart to co-operate with the Allies in carrying out the Dawes plan. It is almost inconceivable that the Germans could willingly choose the alternative, which would be a continuance on their road of misery that was leading perilously toward war. And yet the Reichstag seems to be within ten votes of choosing that other way. The French are under no illusion about what has happened. They realize that it is not as bad as it might be, but they know that it has not removed the need for circumspection. On Sunday, May 11, between the day on which this issue goes to press and the day on which it reaches most of our subscribers, occur the French elections. When the newspapers report the results, our readers will be interested in interpreting them in the light of the information which is given in this issue by our European editorial correspondent, Elbert Francis Baldwin.

The British Budget

HARDLY any one expected that the Labor-Socialist Party in England would spring heretical radical measures on the people in its first Budget. The

Philip Snowden, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer

motto of Ramsay MacDonald's Ministry is the old Scotch phrase, "Ca' canny, mon." The Prime Minister heads a minority party, and can hold office only so long as the other two parties refrain from combining against him—or, to put it differently, so long as enough Liberal members vote with him.

Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a radical in theory, and an advocate of a capital tax levy, steered a course which neither excited wild enthusiasm from extremists on either side nor angered either party unduly. The defeat of MacDonald's predecessor was largely on his protectionist declaration. It is quite natural, therefore, to find the new Premier leaning the other way; the most notable feature of the Snowden Budget is the proposal to refuse to renew the tariff taxes on picture films, bicycles, and motor cars—a cause of rejoicing to American manufacturers, and notably to Henry Ford, as it is stated that the cheapest motor car in Great Britain is now selling at $1,500. There is to be a lowering of taxes on the workman's "breakfast table"—tea and sugar, that is; the poor man's beer is not affected. Imperial preference taxes are also scheduled to go. The income tax is left strictly alone, for the Chancellor believes that it is more important to reduce the public taxes than the public debt, for "the maintenance and improvement of British credit is a matter of the most vital, first-class importance."

The political interpretation of this unexciting Budget is that it is better to "muddle along" than to throw stones at hornets' nests, and that the Labor members are being urged by constituents to turn their attention at once toward doing something (even something very moderate, but at least something) to carry out their promises as to the unemployment and housing questions.

Dean Worcester, Scientist and Statesman

IT was fortunate and of exceeding value to Americans who were confronted with the Philippine problem in 1898 that Dr. Dean Conant Worcester's great work on "The Philippine Islands and Their People" was then just ready for publication. The death of Professor Worcester at Manila on May 2 recalls the interest excited by his study of the scientific, racial, and political history of the archipelago.

Dean Worcester went out to the Philippines in 1887 as a member of a scientific expedition, although he was at that time an undergraduate in the University of Michigan. Three years later he again visited the Philippines with another scientific expedition. In the course of these two expeditions he accumulated a comprehensive knowledge of the resources, conditions, and possibilities of

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the Filipinos. His books were a perfect mine of information for Americans who wanted to get dependable knowledge in deciding what the American attitude should be toward the Filipinos. They were also replete with exciting incidents of travel, fighting, and exploration in distant and all but inaccessible places.

It was a natural consequence of the interest excited by Professor Worcester's book that he was appointed by President McKinley a member of the first Philippine Commission in 1899, and that two years later he became Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Government. His service aided greatly in establishing among the natives knowledge of American wishes and intentions, and did a great deal to establish peaceful relations between the islands and the United States.

It has been said with accuracy that Dr. Worcester knew the Philippine Islands, geographically, scientifically, and humanly, probably better than any other American. Scientists remember that his observations added solid information to the world's knowledge of racial conditions and characteristics in the East, as well as to its collection of birds, animals, and plants, and to the geography of the region. From the beginning Dr. Worcester believed that the Filipinos would appreciate just treatment and improve under it. He did not, however, believe that they should exercise citizenship rights until they had learned more of the meaning of the words citizenship and liberty.

It has always been a pleasure to The Outlook that it had Dr. Worcester among its contributors.

World Flights

NATURE is going to extremes casting obstacles in the way of the round-the-world fliers. Over the bleak tip of the Alaskan Peninsula, where Major Martin and Sergeant Harding, his mechanician, lost their way on April 30, gales swept down off the Arctic waste with unprecedented fury. Snow fell so heavily that the old sourdoughs kept to their cabins because they could not see the trail a few feet ahead. Even the seagulls failed to take the air.

At the same time Major MacLaren and his companions in the British entry for round-the-world honors were down at Parla, India, with an engine burned out because of the excessively torrid temperature through which it had been laboring. Natives were kept constantly at work pouring cool water on the wings to keep them from blistering and disintegrating under the hot sun.

Meanwhile Lieutenant d'Oisy, the French pilot, who had set out from France to beat the English on the route to Japan, passed overhead in triumph, landing on May 3 at Agra, India. His triumph was short-lived, however, for on examination he found his wings were commencing to give way under the heat. Obviously he would be held up sooner or later until his machine was repaired.

There we have the two extremes—heat and cold. But while these handicaps are to be expected and therefore anticipated in any plan to circumnavigate the earth, the eight men who have been urging their four Army Air Service planes toward the west seem to have met with more than their share of difficult weather. Since leaving Seattle the Americans have fought wind, snow, hail, and fog.

From Chignik, where Major Martin took off to join his command at Dutch Harbor, the route lies 400 miles over one of the most desolate sections of the North. Part of it is volcanic, Pavlof, Shishaldin, and Makushin volcanoes rising some 9,000 feet high. They are rather active and constantly smoking; but only in clear weather would they serve as landmarks. For the most part the route is over uncharted coast-lines and countless small islands which are not on the hydrographic maps. The three planes which made that leg of the flight ahead of Major Martin spent more than seven hours in the air, nearly twice the time required had it not been for bad weather. The planes have been covered with tons of ice on several occasions.

Speculation as to whether the Americans or British will first succeed in their quest should not confuse the different purposes of the two ventures. The Americans are using four planes for technical and scientific reasons. They virtually are charting a new and hitherto unmapped route as far as aerial navigation is concerned. There in the North, where compass deviation is more varied than in other latitudes, flying is difficult at best. Known landmarks must be depended upon for guidance until a true compass course is determined. The Americans are gathering all sorts of meteorological data for the future armadas of the air which must one day use that route in world transport.

The English and French fliers, of course, are no less deserving of praise because their lone ventures are more in the nature of sporting events—efforts t do the job in the quickest possible tim

Youth and Religion To-Day

AN imaginary man from Mars sometimes called upon to testify his impressions of life on earth. The is really no need for invoking such a wi ness, for every new generation sees th world's problems from a fresh point view, and if called upon can tell what thinks of them. That is the chief signif cance of two recent conferences of an for young people.

In Louisville, Kentucky, for thre days in April, several hundred stu dents of the Methodist denominatio gathered to exchange ideas. It was no so much a conference for students as on of and by them. It was merely incide tal that this group was made up wholl of Methodists. These young peop plainly regarded denominational distin tions, not as ends, but as means or mech anisms for doing, as one of our corr spondents describes it, "some necessar Christian jobs." Their doubting elde were astonished that in the discussion such questions as race, war, and industr these students had ready to hand a array of facts on which to base their co clusions. And they exercised discrimin tion. They practically ignored the Fu damentalist-Liberal controversy. As on student said:

> Christ told his followers that if they went into the Temple to worship and recalled that there were some matter of individual relationship which were not right in their lives, they should go first and straighten them out. We are trying to find a way here to fix up some of these matters of wrong rela tionship. That comes before any ex tended devotions.

The nearest approach to this doctrin issue came in a resolution adopted wi scarcely any debate. It expressed th attitude of youth that looks on re ligious and other problems without th fixed ideas of older people, for it calle upon the Church to modernize its stat ment of faith so that it could be reco ciled with the knowledge of those calle upon to profess it.

Similarly, the spirit of youth co trolled the eighth annual Convention the Young Women's Christian Associ tion, which was held in New York Cit on the first few days in May. The ou standing action of that Convention w the adoption of an alternate basis membership of the constituent associ tions. At present no one can be a votin

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Be Proof and Bulwark Against Sense

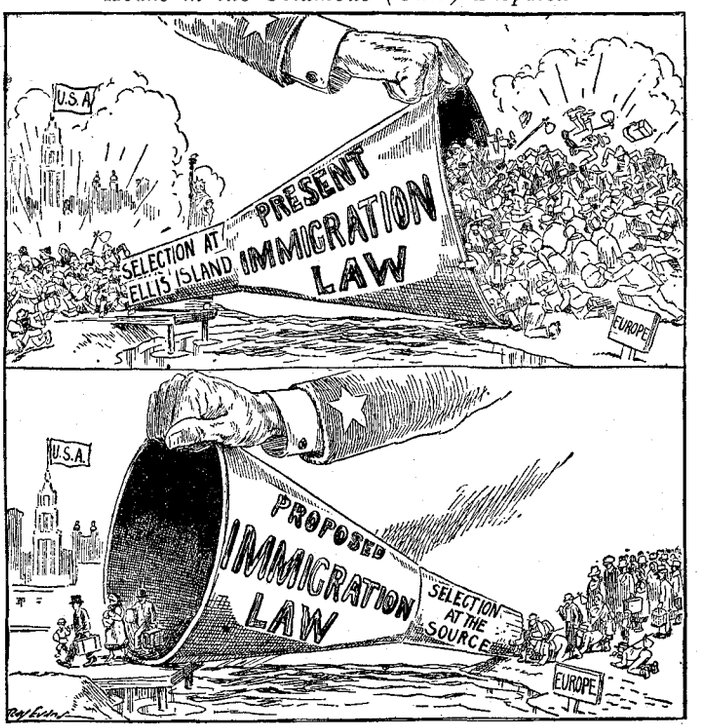
(Hamlet, Act III, Scene 4)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Broadcasting

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

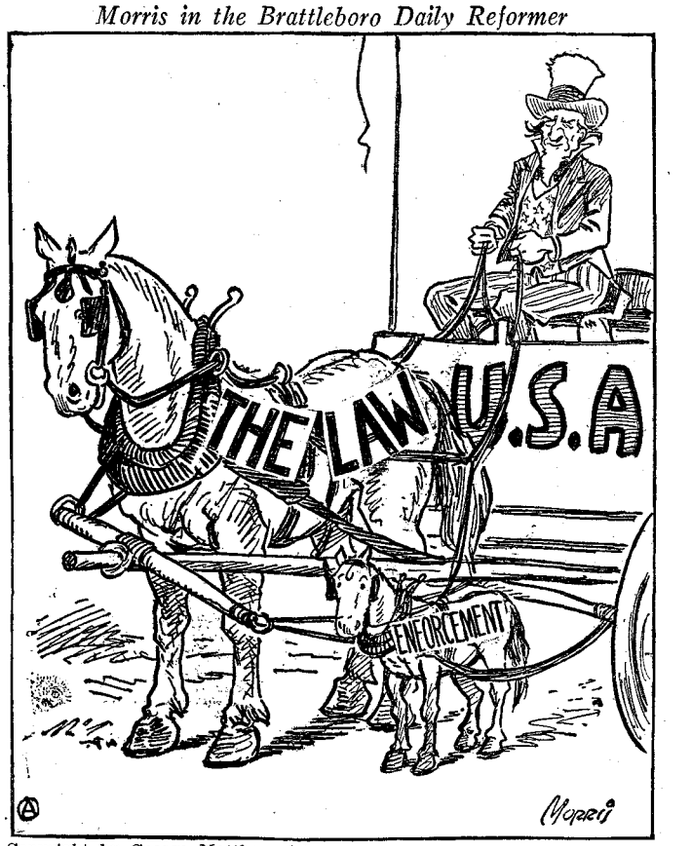
Evans in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



It's Just Going to be Turned Around

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

Morris in the Brattleboro Daily Reformer



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It's a Queer Team

From Mrs. Charles A. Lewis, Grafton, Vt.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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Wonder What Mother Nature Will Say When She Finds He's Had It "Clipped"

From Jennie K. Mills, Ridgefield, Conn.

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member unless she is a member of some denomination included in the Federal Council of Churches. This excludes from voting those who are members of other denominations or of wholly independent churches without denominational affiliation. By a two-thirds vote the Convention made eligible as a voter in any association that wishes to adopt the rule, any woman or girl over eighteen years of age who declares that she will uphold the purpose of the Association expressed as follows:

1. To associate young women in personal loyalty to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.
2. To lead them into membership and service in the Christian Church.
3. To promote growth in Christian character and service through physical, social, mental, and spiritual training.
4. To become a social force for the extension of the kingdom of God.

This change will not become effective until passed by a second Convention; but its adoption by this Convention indicates that youth is making itself felt in the thought and life of the churches and their agencies.

Nutrition and the School-Child

In the "Survey" of April 15 Dr. William E. P. Emerson points out the extraordinary difference between the care of the infant and of the school-child. Parents have learned to watch infants and young children very closely, noticing weight increases, sleep, activity, and most certainly everything that has to do with food and nutrition. And then when the child goes to school the parents seem to think that the whole matter of health belongs to the schools. Unfortunately, the schools do very little.

True it is that here and there we have an attempt at medical inspections. Says Dr. Emerson: "There can be little satisfaction, however, in a programme which puts the health of thousands of children in the charge of a single part-time physician. Neither should we use the word 'medical' to describe the inspection given to the hurrying line of children passing before the inspector." And then he shows the almost entire ineffectiveness of any programme making for better health that confines itself largely to teaching such matters in schools. There must be individual attention. Says Dr. Emerson: "The mal-nourished child needs some one who will find the cause of his impaired nutrition, and then make use of the means that will bring about its correction."

For some time The Outlook has been demanding an individual medical examination for every child, followed by such treatment as the examination would indicate. Obviously, then, we strongly indorse this plea of Dr. Emerson's for far more efficient and individual health oversight of school-children, however much we might object to accepting a child's weight instead of the judgment of a physician as an indication of health or ill health.

And we indorse this plea the more strongly because we believe that the practice of relying upon the weight of children as an indication of health has prevented schools from seeing the necessity of resorting to the judgment of physicians.

Delaware's Junior Legislature

Delaware has just tried a novel educational experiment. From the high schools of the State fifty-two boys and girls were sent to Dover, the State capital, to convene in a Junior Legislature under the direction of the Governor, the Hon. William D. Denney. A three-day session was held, with all the usual legislative forms, and the following are the more important bills that were introduced and considered:

House bills: Providing for health safeguards for school-children; providing an inheritance tax to raise money for a school building programme; providing for a physical director in each high school in the State; appropriating $100,000 for the erection of wharves and docks at Lewes; compelling any one who has liquor in his possession to tell where he got it, under penalty of imprisonment until he does tell; forbidding the sale of paper-covered cigarettes; providing for the teaching of music in all high schools.

Senate bills: Providing for a State building programme for schools; providing for a Juvenile Court in each of the three counties; providing for the regulation of the sale of securities (weeding out wildcat stock promoters); providing for the consolidation of rural schools; providing physical training in schools; prohibiting the use of public schools for propaganda or commercial advertising.

In all the committee and floor work the young legislators were helped by Dover attorneys who have had years of experience with actual legislative work. The students had been working on the subject-matter of the bills for weeks before the Junior Legislature convened. Some bills were reported unfavorably from the committee, some died in the committees, some were defeated after full debate, many were passed.

Of course the Legislature lacked many things. The members were not elected by popular vote. They had no constituencies to consider. They belonged to no party. And as their acts had no legal effect they were not restrained by thoughts of consequences. But they had at least one advantage—they were free to consider every question along purely social or economic lines, in true academic fashion.

The idea of the Junior Legislature originated with Professor Thornburg, Principal of the Dover High School, and was supported by the Dover Rotary Club and the State Superintendent and Board of Education. Fifteen girls took part in the sessions, two as Senators and thirteen as Representatives, and gave a good account of themselves. The interest of the young legislators in public questions that their teachers had not known they cared for and the reaction of this junior session on the study of civics, history, and the Constitution made a very favorable impression on the Board of Education. Educators in other States are inquiring about the experiment.

A Criminal Governor

Governor Warren T. McCray, of Indiana, has been found guilty by a jury in a Federal district court of using the United States mails as part of a fraudulent scheme. Judge Anderson, of the Federal court in which McCray was convicted, was unsparing in his denunciation of McCray as a criminal and a willful violator of law. The jury convicted McCray after only ten minutes' consideration of the facts, and he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and fines which will amount in the end to $10,000. He resigned his office as Governor the day before he was sentenced.

This does not seem to be one of those cases of a semi-criminal, semi-political character in which a public officer corruptly influences contracts or commissions or otherwise favors the friends of politicians whom he wishes to please. In this case the Governor of a great State, if judge and jury are correct, deliberately engaged in an elaborate plan to obtain money by illegal means for his own personal use and profit. The people of the State are to be condoled with for having

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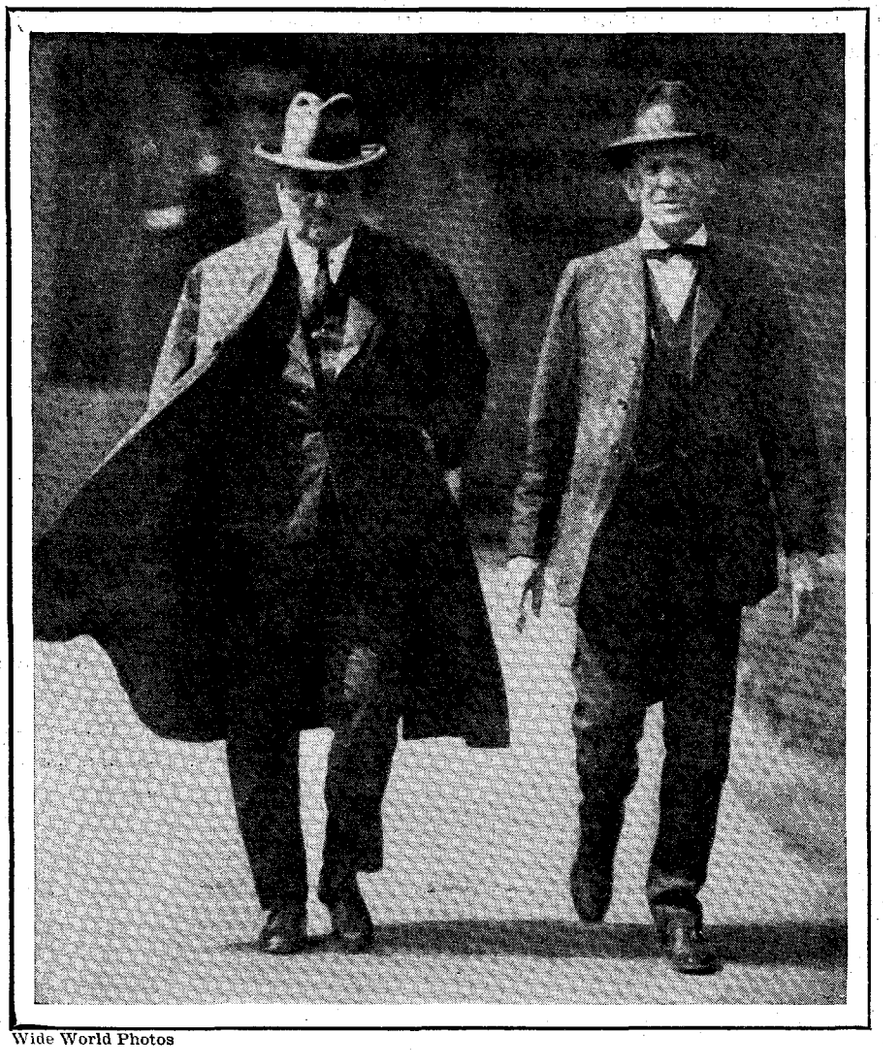

Wide World Photos

Warren T. McCray (left) and the U. S. Marshal (right) at the Marion County Jail after the ex-Governor's sentence to ten years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta

had the ill fortune to see a man of his character at the head of the State Government.

The fraudulent process by which McCray obtained money included four indictable acts: forgery, for he signed false names to a very large number of notes; the violation of the State banking laws, for he was president of a bank and turned his fraudulent notes into money through that connection; violation of Federal banking laws; and, finally, using the United States mails for a fraudulent purpose. Several indictments were found by State grand juries, but in the only case tried a disagreement resulted. The United States Government was able to prosecute solely because McCray had used the mails in his scheme. Of course it is evident that the verdict of guilty in this case includes the assertion that he was guilty of the fraud to further which he was using the mails.

What this convicted Governor actually did was to sign names of employees and others to a large number of notes made payable to himself; to indorse the notes with his own name, and then to discount the notes at banks, for his own use in a cattle farm scheme. He has made no denial that the names of the supposed makers of the notes were false, but he put up the extraordinary defense that, as he had indorsed the notes, he was liable for them, and therefore no criminal offense had been committed. Judge Anderson tore this flimsy defense to pieces. It is evident to any business man that, while the amount of each note could theoretically have been collected from the indorser (in this case Governor McCray), the person who held the note for payment was entitled to recourse not only against the indorser but the original maker of the note. As the names of the supposed makers were forged, the holders of the notes were deprived of a right, and deprived of it by the simple criminal process of plain forgery.

McCray has had a spectacular career as farmer, banker, and politician. His downfall and disgrace do not properly enter deeply into the political life of the State. Not the State but the man is in this case responsible for the wretched outcome of criminal activity.

Our Political No-Man's Land

"ABOLISH the District of Columbia," shouts Representative Mansfield, of Texas. Aye, by the powers, while we are about it, let us do some abolishing worth bragging about. Let us make short shrift of it and at the first swoop abolish Congress. Why not? True, we should miss it after a while. Human beings deprived of anything that they are accustomed to miss it—a crutch, a boil on the back of the neck, a nagging wife or husband. We should miss Congress, and might go to perdition in the long run for want of it, but we should go, in the main, unpestered.

Does somebody object that it is not practicable to abolish Congress? Of course it is not. But neither is it practicable to abolish the District of Columbia. Among asinine proposals this is eminent. When Mr. Mansfield abolishes the District of Columbia, he must, in the nature of things, abolish State lines. It is not practicable in a federation of equal States to house the Federal Government in any one of them. Unless the Federal Government continues to have a home of its own, one of two things must happen—boundary-lines must be wiped away and the whole country turned into one field like France, or else one State must be supreme, as Prussia was in the old Germany.

Now there are persons in the United States who would argue that each of those changes would be good. There may be merit in what each would say, but this is no time to argue it. Mr. Mansfield himself would not agree to the wiping out of State lines, and, if there is to be a supreme State, there will be forty-seven other States to contend that it shall not be Maryland—as it would be if the District of Columbia were abolished and the seat of Government remain where it is.

Certainly the residents of the District of Columbia will complain that they do not vote, that they are overtaxed and generally imposed upon. Certainly there will always live in the District of Columbia persons who will prey upon the servants of the Government and upon the stranger within the gates.

Things might be better than they are; but to bring about the better state of things would require profound changes, and a Congress that cannot pass a dozen necessary bills is not one to deal with things profound.

There are evils, yes. But it is better

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to abide the evils we do know than fly to others that our Mansfields wot not of.

Cannot Congress Come to Its Senses?

MEN individually gifted with considerable intelligence may seem devoid of intelligence collectively. How otherwise can one explain the present course of Congress?

The whole country is demanding economy in government. To-day the people of the United States are among the most heavily taxed people on earth. As a result of the war which the Germans brought upon them, they are bearing a heavier tax burden than that which the Germans are bearing. We have an unimaginably huge National debt. Consequently the cost of food, clothing, and shelter is high. And what is Congress doing about it? It has just sent to the President a pension bill which will add many millions of dollars to the tax burden. With entire propriety, the President has promptly sent it back to Congress with a brief lecture upon economy. Before this issue reaches its readers Congress will probably have sent to the President a bonus bill, which will add another burden to the country to be reckoned in the hundreds of millions of dollars. It has been favorably considering and may pass a bill appropriating ten millions as a contribution to the Germans, who are less heavily taxed than Americans.

In the face of this, Congress is playing politics with the only plan for tax reduction that has the least semblance of a scientific basis. That is the Mellon plan. Public opinion in support of that plan is Democratic as well as Republican. For political reasons wholly, Mr. Longworth in the lower house brought about what is called a compromise plan between the Garner Bill and the scientific bill. After due consideration the Senate Committee, convinced by its study, reported favorably, not the Longworth Bill, but the Mellon rates. But the Senate appears to be bent on making taxation a matter of politics. It has now adopted the schedule prepared by Senator Simmons, which is further away from the Mellon plan than the Longworth compromise.

Does Congress believe that the American people are stupid enough to think that they can ease their own burdens by taxing one another? Senator Borah's speech the other day pointing out the material and moral catastrophe that will ensue unless we turn back from our present course was greatly needed. Instead of being a tool for the people to use, Government is becoming a master which the people must serve. Against the enervating policy of Congress Mr. Coolidge is standing firmly. That is one reason why to-day it is not Congress but the President that has the people's confidence.

The Cronkite-Rosenbluth Case

THE State of Washington is preparing to try two United States Army officers on the charge that, nearly six years ago, they conspired to kill another army officer. When trial is so long delayed, it may be taken as fairly certain that injustice has been done to some one by the mere process of postponement. This case, however, is decidedly unusual, surrounded with many difficulties, and it may be that the public should not yet enter a final verdict of injustice in delay.

The accused men are Captain Robert Rosenbluth and Sergeant Roland R. Pothier. The man in whose death they are accused of having a part was Major Alexander P. Cronkite, son of Major-General Cronkite. The death of Major Cronkite occurred near Camp Lewis, Washington, on October 25, 1918.

The regiment went out on a practice march. Major Cronkite remained in camp, sick. Later he joined the men at a halt. He and Pothier, who was his orderly, went ahead of the column. Some shots were heard, and Captain Rosenbluth went forward to investigate. Major Cronkite was brought in, shot through the head. The report went out that he committed suicide.

Later a regulation army board of inquiry looked into the facts and reported that Cronkite accidentally shot himself. Pothier testified that Cronkite was shooting at tin cans, throwing his pistol hand back over his shoulder between shots, and that the weapon was discharged on the back swing. Rosenbluth said that this appeared to be the fact from what he had observed. An army doctor testified that the wound appeared to have been inflicted in that way. Accidental discharge of a pistol still stands on the army records as the cause of Major Cronkite's death.

Almost three years afterward Pothier is said to have made the statement that he himself accidentally shot Major Cronkite. He was arrested, and is said to have confessed that he killed Cronkite at the instigation of Rosenbluth. He later denied the truth of this confession, saying that he made it under coercion.

Then began a long contest as to jurisdiction. The shooting occurred on a Government reservation, on leased land, however, and contention arose as to whether the Federal or State court had jurisdiction. The Attorney-General of the United States finally referred the case to the State authorities. Officers of the State court at Tacoma investigated, and found no ground for prosecution.

Meanwhile General Cronkite had become increasingly convinced that his son was murdered. He terminated his career in the Army, and has devoted all his energies since to securing conviction of the men who, he believes, are responsible for his son's death. Proceedings were begun in a Federal court, and, on a technicality in Pothier's case, reached the Supreme Court of the United States, which has now held that jurisdiction lies in the State court. Some time still must elapse before the question is disposed of.

Friends of Rosenbluth are vigorously charging persecution. The friends of Cronkite are firm in their belief that murder was committed as the result of conspiracy. The War Department has refused to reconsider its findings, but says that the board was not made up of experts, that the findings rested almost wholly on the testimony of Pothier and Rosenbluth, and maintains that if an error has been made the court-room is the place to discover the fact.

Here is an unfortunate mix-up, but it is hardly one over which the public should become much excited. Two men have been subjected to hardships which, if they are innocent, everybody will regret. But there appears to be a real question of their innocence, which, unfortunately, could not be speedily cleared up.

The Greek Refugees

HALF a million Greek refugees fled from Asia Minor to Greece after the fire and slaughter at Smyrna. Greek soldiers and officers were charged with violence and cruelty before and after that, but they were tried and the guilty were punished. Professor H. B. Dewing, of Bowdoin, in his monograph lately put forth by the "American Friends of Greece" association, declares that these Greek excesses were "a mere pin-prick compared with similar exploits of the Turks before or since." Too little has been said about the Turks' responsibility for the Smyrna incident.

Whatever were the faults of Greece, she was left in the lurch at Lausanne when the Great Powers which had given

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Wide World Photos

A Refugee Camp in Greece—All Greece is crowded with tented colonies of refugees from Asia Minor

Greece reason to expect their support failed to provide for the protection of minority populations in Turkey and permitted the wholesale banishing of Greeks from Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace.

Western peoples should have, therefore, a sense of responsibility for these enormous camps of refugees. We are told by the American Friends of Greece that the refugees "have increased the population of Greece more than twenty-five per cent. About one-half of them have become self-supporting through the almost superhuman efforts of the Greek people. The balance range from partially self-supporting to absolutely destitute." They must have help.

The appeal bids Americans to remember that

> Greece is emerging from years of warfare and that in the Great War Greece spent large sums of money in the 1918 campaign for which it was to be reimbursed by a long-term loan from the Allied Powers (including the United States), and the failure of the Powers to advance this money has gravely crippled the country's finances. Remember also that the struggle in Asia Minor, which ended so disastrously for Greece, came as a result of Greek participation in the war upon the Allied side, and that Greece went to Asia Minor as the agent and policeman of the Allies. The refugees are refugees because of the policy of the Allies, not that of Greece.

The justice of the appeal as well as its urgency are evident. A million dollars is asked for from America. We hope that many of our readers will feel moved to ask for information from the association named above, at Washington.

Dr. Butler and Prohibition

FOR his open assault on the Prohibition Amendment and on its enforcing act, the Volstead Law, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, has been widely hailed as a brave man. What, then, shall be said of those men who have risked their lives, and not merely their feelings, in the task of enforcing the law which Dr. Butler denounced? The issue is not one between bravery and cowardice.

Nor is it an issue between honest opinion and hypocrisy. There are undoubtedly men who vote for prohibition in public but patronize the bootlegger in private. There are, on the other hand, men who are publicly against prohibition on the ground that their liberties are outraged, but privately because they want their drink. No progress can be made in the discussion of this question by imputing evil motives to those who profess to be actuated by the public good.

The issue is not, as some people would have it, one concerning the right of the Government in the interest of all the people to control an injurious traffic. No spokesman of the anti-prohibition forces, so far as we know, has questioned the right of the people through their representatives to suppress the sale and distribution, except for medicinal purposes, of habit-forming drugs.

Essentially the question is whether a considerable minority which regards a law obnoxious has the moral right to attempt to nullify and bring about the repeal of that obnoxious law by conniving at its violation and thus rendering it unenforceable.

Dr. Butler states that issue when he says, as he did in his speech on Tuesday, April 29, before the Missouri Society of New York:

> The reason why the National Prohibition Law is not enforced is that it cannot be enforced. The reason why it cannot be enforced is that it ought not to have been passed.

And again:

> We have brought about a situation in which we challenge the ingenuity and sporting instinct of millions of young persons to test whether or not they can safely violate a law for which they have no respect.

Precisely such an argument may be used to prove the immorality of a protective tariff, which Dr. Butler, as an orthodox Republican, has done his best to uphold. The smuggling of foreign-made goods into this country is a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. It is as regularly practiced as bootlegging. Dr. Butler has said that "it is no more moral or immoral to drink or to refrain from drinking alcoholic liquor than it is to eat or to refrain from eating roast beef or buckwheat cakes." It certainly can be said with equal cogency that it is no more moral or immoral to carry undeclared jewelry or tobacco from Europe to America in one's handbag than it is to carry them from New York to Pennsylvania. Shall we say that because well-to-do people violate this law and often do so with impunity that the Tariff Law is not enforced because it cannot be enforced, and that it cannot be enforced because it ought not to have been passed? Shall we say that the Tariff Law is a challenge to the ingenuity and sporting instinct of the young people who land in America after a transatlantic voyage to test "whether or not they can safely violate a law for which they have no respect"?

Further than this, shall we say that the criminal classes are right because they reason in precisely this same way concerning the laws maintaining private property? Dr. Butler and his supporters among the propertied are well aware that there are millions of people, young and otherwise, who have no respect for property rights. They were not instrumental in framing the laws which make it possible for one man to be a multimillionaire and another man a pauper. They accept the present situation as a challenge to their ingenuity and sporting instinct to

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violate a law for which they have no respect. They excuse theft and robbery, not only as practiced in Russia on a large scale, but as practiced by criminals in all countries, by the argument that the law against theft and robbery is not enforced because it cannot be enforced and that it cannot be enforced because it ought not to have been passed. Is it possible that the bootlegger has converted some of our most respectable people to the criminal's philosophy?

Every one has the right in this country to speak his mind, so long as in doing that he does not invade the rights of others; but every one also must be ready to take the consequences of speaking his mind and not complain if the mind that he reveals strikes some of his fellow-beings as not a trustworthy guide on questions of public or private morals. Some of Dr. Butler's supporters have complained because Dr. Butler's speech has elicited from certain sources the comment that what he has said shows that he is not a suitable head of a great university and they have denounced such an opinion as an invasion of the right of free speech. Many of these same supporters of Dr. Butler would be among the very first to seek his removal if, instead of arguing ardently against the prohibitory law, he had argued against the laws maintaining the right of property. What has aroused criticism of Dr. Butler is, not that he opposes prohibition, but that he has seemed to place his opposition on grounds which are destructive of all law.

A Cable from Japan

VISCOUNT KENTARO KANEKO has long been familiar with American life. He has been in intimate touch with American statesmen. He is one of the liberal-minded leaders of Japan who understand much of the difficulty which has risen from Japanese immigration into this country.

We publish a recent cable from Viscount Kaneko to Harold T. Pulsifer, President of The Outlook Company:

> I deeply regret that discriminatory clause in Immigration Bill passed in Congress. Should it be enacted will do great damage to peaceful relation between Japan and America. I am more convinced of necessity to have joint commission, my article on which you published last September. America Japan question now agitating on both sides of Pacific. Should be taken out of politics and referred to such commission, whose thorough investigation and impartial consideration are only way to find sound settlement satisfactory to two countries. I ask you to exert your influence to have it established. KANEKO.

In the article to which Viscount Kaneko refers (The Outlook for September 12, 1923) he says: "I have come to the conclusion that the appointment of a joint high commission by the two Governments is the only hopeful method of solving these complicated and difficult questions between Japan and the United States. For the appointment of such a high commission the diplomatic history of America furnishes abundant precedent." The precedents which Viscount Kaneko cites relate to the Alabama claims, the fisheries dispute with Canada, the coastal trade on the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, and the northwestern boundary dispute.

While there is some similarity between these international difficulties and those which confront America and Japan, the present situation differs in one very marked respect. The disputes with Great Britain were on purely international matters. The situation which causes unhappiness for Japan is one which deals with a purely domestic policy. Would Viscount Kaneko, for instance, be willing to submit to a joint high commission the question as to the conditions under which Chinese immigrants would be permitted to enter Japan? We are certainly under the belief that Japan would not be willing to arbitrate her own exclusion policy towards China, and Japan is entirely right in her position in this matter.

The Outlook ardently hopes that Congress will follow the advice of the President and postpone final action on the exclusion clause of the Immigration Law until after there has been time to replace the gentlemen's agreement with a definite treaty. Such a treaty could be absolutely reciprocal in terms, a fact which would certainly acknowledge that equality which Japan feels has been denied her by the acts of our Government.

Clear Off the Oil

FROM Mr. Lewis Radcliffe, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries, comes a pertinent criticism of a recent Outlook editorial on the pollution of our waterways. Mr. Radcliffe writes:

> The editorial states that the Willis Bill "wisely limits its provisions to crude mineral oils, since the lighter forms, such as gasoline or kerosene, quickly evaporate and do little harm." According to "Hearings on the subject of the Pollution of Navigable Waters" held before the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, House of Representatives, p. 5, the Willis Bill as passed by the Senate states: "That when used in this Act—(*a*) the term 'oil' means oil of any kind or in any form, including fuel oil, oil sludge, and oil refuse." No limitations are contained in this definition to "crude mineral oil." Furthermore, the lighter forms, such as gasoline and kerosene, are especially toxic to aquatic life and are slightly soluble in water.

We will change our statement to read The Willis Bill ought to limit its provisions to mineral oils at the present time. The statement of fact concerning gasoline and kerosene relates to a matter on which Mr. Radcliffe is doubtless better informed than the editors of The Outlook. The expert upon whom we relied for our information takes a different view of this matter from that of the Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries. But Mr. Radcliffe, The Outlook's expert, and The Outlook can all unite on the statement that gasoline and kerosene are undoubtedly better out of the water than in it.

Mr. Radcliffe believes that present efforts should be directed to the elimination of oil pollution from floating craft. He writes:

> Our oil-burning merchant ships increased from 239 vessels of 650,364 gross tons in 1914 to 1,826 vessels of 9,017,000 gross tons in 1923, the world tonnage for these years being 1,721,000 and 16,478,000 gross tons. In 1923 the United States tonnage of oil-burning merchant vessels, therefore, exceeded sixty per cent of the world tonnage of this group, and the tonnage of our oil-burning vessels was about three times that of our coal-burning vessels. Congress has authorized the calling of an international conference on the subject of pollution outside of territorial waters. In view of our own preponderance of oil-burning vessels, it is important that we should provide for the stoppage of pollution from floating craft within territorial waters before such a convention is called into being.

We do not believe that if the Willis Bill were amended to limit its requirement to mineral oils there would be any rightful objection to including land plants among the agencies prohibited from dumping oil upon the waters. The chief aim of all those interested in this matter, however, should be to get into active operation legislation which will curtail the present pollution of our waters. Experts disagree as to some of the methods of accomplishing this. There is no disagreement as to the end which must be achieved.

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France at the Polls

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

On May 11 the French elections occur. Two main political groups oppose each other, and each has its "lunatic fringe," to quote Theodore Roosevelt.

The Monarchists

The "lunatic fringe" of the first group (the Bloc National) is the monarchist element, not yet dead despite the Republic's more than half-century of distinguished record.

There are two kinds of monarchist fringe, the Royalist and the Imperialist, namely, the Orleanist and the Bonapartist. The "party of the first part," the Orleanist, calls itself the Action Française. As if it were living centuries ago, it believes in action by a hereditary party leader rather than by a Parliament. Its titular leader is, of course, the lightweight Duke of Orleans, "the heir of the forty kings who made France," in the words of the slightly misleading party manifesto. Events in Italy inspire the authors of the manifesto to add that Mussolini's success shows what a leader can do and what a Parliament cannot. The active man of affairs for the Royalists in the Chamber of Deputies, the lower house of the French Parliament, is Léon Daudet, a lively, loquacious, ubiquitous, and irrepressible person.

The Imperialist or Bonapartist party naturally finds its supreme leader in Prince Victor Napoleon and its parliamentary man in Prince Joachim Murat. Like the Action Française, so this party chooses a title, the Appel au Peuple, masking its real purpose—indeed, the "Appeal to the People" seems less frank. Its principal plank would confer supreme authority on the chief executive of the state, whoever he might be. That means ultimately, in the Imperialist vision, a Prince-President, as in the case of Louis Napoleon, and then the same kind of lightning transformation as took place when he suddenly evolved into Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

The Bloc National

Leaving the monarchist "lunatic fringe," we come to the first of the two main political groups in France, the Bloc National. It is composed of five parties, all republican, but conservative or liberal as the case may be.

Let us start with the Action Nationale Républicaine. Here is a group of gentlemen who insist on economy, first, last, and all the time. They demand the suppression of both money and labor waste. They justly claim that the same amount of governmental work might be done by fewer functionaries; that more money would accrue to the state by simpler and juster taxation and that more money would come to the citizen if state monopolies were revised so as to return enterprises not normally under state control to private undertakings.

The Fédération des Républicains Rénovateurs has similar economic aims, and in addition would brush up parliamentary manners a bit.

The Fédération Républicaine also wants tax reform. It is anti-monopolist, but it would abolish personal taxation and replace the land tax.

Then comes the Fédération des Républicains Démocrates. It stands strongly for state control of all industries involved in the National defense, and in foreign affairs for the Poincaré "energetic policies," to quote its manifesto—indeed, so stand most of the other parties.

Finally follows the similar Parti Républicain Démocratique et Social, with the accent on the "Social." It would extend woman suffrage, give a bonus to large families, prohibit strikes in public service industries. It is highly Poincaresque in its insistence on German disarmament and debt payment, as on its opposition to Bolshevism and its equal approval of any constitutional Russian state recognizing Russian debts.

The Bloc des Gauches

The second great group in the French Parliament is also made up of five parties and constitutes the Bloc of the Left (*Bloc des Gauches*). In most if not all Parliaments the Conservatives sit on the presiding officer's right, the Radicals on his left.

Here in France the party of the Left with most conservative instinct is the Parti Radical National. It has been of immense help to Premier Poincaré, for it has generally supported his policies, internal and external.

Closely following this lead is the Parti Radical Socialiste. Its particular reason of being seems to be to assert that one can be a Socialist without the least Bolshevist squint, for its manifesto repels any alliance "either with Rome or with Moscow."

Another sort of Socialist is the Parti Républicain Socialiste, with ex-Premier Painlevé at its head. This party demands a progressive repartition of taxes, proclaiming itself at the same time no enemy to private property. In foreign affairs it stands for strong defense measures, a full satisfaction of the demands of France, and a modification of the League of Nations giving it greater executive power.

Still another brand of Socialism is the Parti des Socialistes Chrétiens. These Christian Socialists favor a state subsidy to large families, universal woman suffrage, real proportional representation, the establishment of the referendum, and the neutralization of the Rhine's left bank. The party is largely directed by Marc Sangnier.

Finally we have the Parti Socialiste Unifié, as representing more the kind of thing we have been wont to call Socialism. It stoutly resists the transfer of any public service corporation from state control and demands far fuller protection for labor union rights, especially to the famous and all-embracing C. G. T. (Confédération Générale du Travail, or General Confederation of Labor), of which it is the backbone. It also would see the Rhine's left bank neutralized. Its chief spokesman is Paul Boncour.

The Communists

Now, leaving the ten parties which really form the active force in French government-making, we come again to a "lunatic fringe." This fringe depends from the Radical Socialist Bloc des Gauches. It is a Communist fringe. Like the monarchist, this is made up of two elements.

The first calls itself the Union Socialiste Communiste. It is not the simonpure article. It tries to be a bridge from Socialism to Communism in the way it supposes Karl Marx would advise.

The real Moscow garden variety of Communism is furnished by the Parti Communiste, without any "Socialiste" to deceive you. These precious politicians declare that only by seizing large private fortunes can you pay the public debt of France, that the state must own not only all transportation and mining enterprises but also all banking, insurance, and industrial companies, that an armed proletariat must replace the existing army, and that France must ally herself with Soviet Russia.

France will not do this. But every one will be surprised if, on May 11, the electoral pendulum does not swing slightly towards the Left.

Valescure, April 16, 1924.

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Mr. Murphy—the Politicians' Politician

By RICHARD BARRY

IN the weeks just preceding the Tammany leader's death, Mr. Barry had three talks with him. As a result of these talks, Mr. Barry here presents Mr. Murphy as the politicians' politician; as one might describe Keats as the poets' poet and Turgeniev as the novelists' novelist. To Mr. Barry such differing men as W. J. Connors, Will Hays, Hiram Johnson, R. M. La Follette, General Leonard Wood, and the late President Harding acknowledged their interest in Mr. Murphy's methods and respect for his mastery of the technique of politics. Mr. Barry's article seems to us a sympathetic but not favoring, a human but judicial, interpretation.

The Outlook's view of Murphy as a tribal chieftain was given last week.

AN artist in love with his art. A politician who loved politics for the sake of politics. A gamester enjoying the athleticism of his game. Not for the spoils only, though never without the spoils; not for victory only, though jealously cultivating victory. I think if we accept this view of Charles Francis Murphy all his life can be explained by its light.

First, what was his material profit? His estate was surprisingly small, probably less than Richard Croker's, which was much less than expected. As money goes, he was a very ordinary millionaire in a city containing over a hundred persons each with an income of a million a year and several thousand millionaires. Money, clearly, was not his first god.

Yet it must be noted that he was a thrifty, marked member of that race which has produced Henry Ford and Andrew Mellon. Before he was twenty-five years old he had saved $500 from day wages, at a time when two dollars a day was extra good pay. Therefore it is not fair to assume that *all* of even his comparatively small fortune came solely from political sources. He knew how to save, he knew how to guard an investment.

Consistently, from the beginning he refused all tribute from gambling and from the social evil, formerly the most conspicuous elements of graft. The "cleanness" of New York in the present generation is due as much to Mr. Murphy as to the change in public attitude toward gambling and prostitution.

There was a saying long credited to Mr. Murphy, "Tammany takes only honest graft." Whether or not he ever uttered the words, he abided and forced his associates to abide by their significance. It is not necessary to examine the obvious contradiction in the term to realize that by "honest graft" the "Boss" meant something like a broker's commission due him and his associates for "placing" the contracts.

This "broker's commission," this "honest graft," amounted seldom to more than ten per cent of the amount of the contract, and it had to be split in many ways. If Mr. Murphy came in for any, it was only a small share of it, and I have talked with one of his friends who asserts with conviction that Mr. Murphy himself always scrupulously avoided personal profit from municipal contracts. Many times, and especially in the later years, there was no "commission" at all. One of his later edicts was, "Tammany must keep out of the schools." The Boss's reply to criticism of the taking of any "commission" was that "some one would get it; why not us?"

The life-work of the Boss was almost entirely devoted to other considerations than securing and parceling out graft. For years he stood as a bulwark within Tammany, stanchly preventing the looting of city and State, yet such was the vulnerable nature of his place and history, and the history of the organization, that he could neither claim nor accept the proper credit.

In one of my talks with Mr. Murphy I said: "Why don't you dissipate some false ideas about Tammany by saying publicly that your chief function is the establishment of a sort of clearing-house for political ideas; that you have equipped yourself as a kind of barometer to register the public pulse on candidates and issues, and that you can remain on the job only as long as you guess right?"

He replied: "That's it. Write it yourself. You got it straight."

I asked him how he got his equipment. He referred me to others, being either modest or else cognizant of the fact that when a man has many tongues to wag for him he does not need to wag his own.

As a relaying point between the people and officialdom, he came near being selfless. For instance, in commenting on the observation that Tammany might prove a burden to Governor Smith in securing votes for his Presidential nomination outside of New York State, Mr. Murphy said to me: "If it will help Smith I'll agree to step into an airship the night he's elected and get out for good."

His relation to woman suffrage is also a case in point. Several leaders of the Women's Party say he turned the National tide in favor of the Suffrage Amendment. Though his personal predilection was against woman's suffrage, his sole object was to interpret the popular will, but through officials of his selection.

He came to rule, not by accident, but by design, the alert design of his own puissant mind. When he was thirty, the leader of his Assembly district, Eddie Hagan, died. Pending an election it was up to the city leader, then Richard Croker, to appoint a successor. It was night, but Murphy heard that a rival would approach the Boss early in the morning. He set about to get an emissary to Croker that night, and he did. The emissary had to go to a Turkish bath. At first the Boss was annoyed—doubly annoyed that he should be disturbed in his repose and that the decencies of recent demise should be so rudely overborne. But, on second thought, he conferred the district leadership on "the young fellow who beat the starting gun."

After four years, when the old Boss had retired, and when his appointed successor, Lewis Nixon, had failed, and a triumvirate was appointed composed of MacMahon, Haffen, and Murphy, and the triumvirate came to sit in meeting and have its picture taken, the youngest, least conspicuous, least-known member, Mr. Murphy, without canvassing his colleagues, without hesitation, sat in the central chair.

How did he manage it? So far as MacMahon and Haffen were concerned one of them has often said that it was like an eruption of nature; when anything was to be done, Murphy was on the job; no one ever asked for him in vain; he seemed to have no time for himself, but all his time for Tammany. Haffen lived in the Bronx; MacMahon on the West Side; Murphy within four blocks of the Hall. The others came once in a while; Murphy practically lived there, and if not actually there he always could be reached in a few minutes.

In the slang of his followers, he was "no buck passer" and "no stringer." He

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said "yes" or "no" promptly to everything. And he always kept his word.

Not everything Tammany does is sinister. For instance, I know an apartment-house owner in Manhattan who, a few years ago, was on the verge of a $50,000 loss because he could not proceed with a building owing to delays in the municipal departments of inspection. In desperation, and at the suggestion of a friend, he made a trip to Fourteenth Street and saw Mr. Murphy, and told him his grievance. The interview occupied less than five minutes. At the end of it Mr. Murphy turned to the phone and "fixed" the matter. The municipal departments began functioning within an hour. For this "service" no price was either asked or given, and the beneficiary was not a member of the organization, though I will add that since that time he has voted the Tammany ticket straight in every election.

The general outlines of the new zoning law were settled in Mr. Murphy's office. The Boss was called in only because the contrary interests and ideas at stake could not agree and all longed for solution. He listened; gave his decision; and his decision, in which self-interest, and even Tammany's interest, played no part, was final.

The largess of Mr. Murphy was similar to that of the chieftains of his tribe before, with, and after him, but it was a little more instantaneous and unobtrusive. He made it a rule never to ignore any appeal of distress from his own district. No question was ever asked as to political, racial, or church allegiance. There was not even any question as to the merit of the claim, save that it be OK'd by some voter. Appeals have been made to him at midnight, as he left the Hall on his way home, for coal or provisions, and he has had the relief delivered before morning. He never waited for the next day; he did it then. A fund was made up of contributions from others in the district, but when it ran out Mr. Murphy always supplied any deficit. That charity was practically a bottomless pit. When thanks were offered him, he always diverted them with, "Don't thank me; it's the organization."

Like Orientals, New Yorkers, high and low, love despotism. It cuts red tape; it avoids the delays of bureaucracy; it administers both mercy and punishment swiftly; it elevates lowly favorites sensationally and degrades respectable altitude with crude cynicism; above all, in a city whose gods are efficiency and action it introduces these deities into the complexities of politics, and especially does it render gracious for its friends this introduction.

Mr. Murphy was, in this sense, a despot.

If the theory of democracy, an enlightened citizenry individually and constantly vigilant to maintain its functions unimpaired, were a fact, there would have been no Mr. Murphy.

Consider the method of his choice. The presumably élite of the party are selected in the primaries, where all good citizens should vote. Do they?

About two thousand thus form the county committee, and they meet once a year. No one has ever seen a complete attendance of the county committee.

In the last twenty-two New York county committees one could find names of National importance in nearly every phase of life; men of the highest education, of the most finished expression, of honorable attainment in the professions and in business. Invariably they willingly abdicated in favor of a man of no formal education, who spoke ungrammatically, though very seldom; who never issued a written order; who began life as a saloon-keeper, and who ended it striving to overcome the handicap of his origin in securing the selection of his favorite for the National Presidency.

As Emerson said, power flows irresistibly to him who can and will wield it. Here was a lowly Warwick who knew how to wait, how to build power slowly but surely. His genius was constructive; it synchronized with the growth of the city of which he was as much a part as its subway. He spent his first twelve years as leader of the Hall in cementing the structure of city solidarity, precinct by precinct, ward by ward. He then went into New York State, county by county, in the same way. It was an arithmetical progression. In eight years he "possessed" the State of New York, the first Tammany chief who had dared aspire above the Bronx. For two years past he had been spreading beyond, through the Nation. At his death he had as an ally for his organization, within the Democratic party, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and (*sub rosa*) Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey, and Illinois, with perhaps others.

His method changed with the years. Before he was fifty he used the mailed fist; later the gloved hand. When he read Devery out of the Hall, his was a brutal, frontal assault; it was a fight to the finish; either he or Devery had to be destroyed.

However, once having established a reputation as a hard hitter, he let it work for him and achieved his best effects through delightful contrasts. When in 1920 there was a revolt among a small group of young district leaders, engineered by Hearst, who gave them wide publicity as the "new rulers of Tammany," Murphy let the thing spread until it reached a formal vote in the county committee and the "revolting" youngsters had shown their hand. Then, after they had been defeated in open meeting, Murphy sent for them to come to "headquarters"—instantly. Not one but went expecting to be deposed, humiliated, and marked for indefinite enmity from the Boss. That would be in line with precedent.

However, Mr. Murphy was oil itself. He softly told them more than they themselves knew of the abortive effort to oust him, assured each that he would be retained as district leader, and he concluded by giving each some special mark of favor. Thus did he, on occasion, pour cement into his structure.

Remember McClellan, Sulzer, and Hearst. McClellan, made Mayor of New York by Murphy, set about to displace the Boss, but the moment he was out of office Murphy "broke" him easily. Sulzer, put by Murphy into the Governor's chair, turned to rend his benefactor; but Murphy had him impeached and cast out of office. Hearst, frequently used by Murphy as an ally, tried now and then to leave his orbit as a satellite of Tammany; but Murphy always outguessed him, and in the last instance—that of the 1923 judiciary ticket—brought upon him overwhelming defeat. And yet when McClellan and Sulzer and Hearst came humbly back to the Hall, Murphy accepted each in turn, wiping out McClellan's past, forgiving Sulzer, and out-salaaming Hearst.

His ideal of service to Tammany always subordinated his own feelings. If all other political ideals of service were as faithfully observed as Mr. Murphy observed his, much less would have to be written either for or against Tammany.

If he did realize that he could serve his own tribe best by serving the general public well (which is claimed for him with excellent logic), was Mr. Murphy too highly paid for that service?

Political moralists easily may here stress their points of view, but let us consider it from a monetary point of view. Job E. Hedges, as receiver of the Metropolitan street railways, has a salary of $50,000 a year, which is but half the amount paid Shonts for a similar job. His is the receivership of a physical property, somewhat limited, that in a generation or two may be scrapped in favor of newer transportation systems.

Mr. Murphy, on the other hand, was the self-appointed receiver in political bankruptcy of a vast community incompetent to handle its own governmental affairs. For this service he modestly voted himself an income probably less than that received by Mr. Hedges, while he carried on, in trust as it were, the political functions of a commonwealth of six million people.

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A Painting by Albert Besnard

Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co., New York

Gabriele d'Annunzio

M. Besnard, who has recently visited America and whose paintings have attracted much attention in an exhibition held at the Knoedler Galleries in New York City, is regarded as one of the outstanding figures in the art circles of France. In an interview in the "Herald Tribune" he is quoted as saying: "In France you still find paintings you call mad. But many are turning back to the classics, to the old masters, and particularly to Ingres. Cubistic and vorticist art has quite passed out of France. But just now there is not one school but many. The present tendencies incline neither one way nor another. It is a period of transition." The picture we have selected for reproduction indicates the sanity and strength, as well as the persuasive æsthetic appeal, that distinguish M. Besnard's own work.

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The Great Coolidge Mystery

Special Correspondence from Washington

By STANLEY FROST

POLITICAL Washington has at last awakened to the fact that President Coolidge is getting an immense and increasing backing from the American public. The recognition of this rather amazing phenomenon is grudging and reluctant, to be sure, and tinged with a sort of blinking incredulity, but it can no longer be overlooked. Its consequences in the political situation are far-reaching. Democrats are made more cautious by it, and Republicans more aggressive.

The Sense of Power

ACCEPTANCE of Coolidge as a power in himself, apart from his office, has been the slower because it has been so utterly unexpected. It violates almost all notions of what a man should be and do to win public favor. It flies in the face of every political rule of thumb. There were, indeed, some who, when President Harding died, did hope that Mr. Coolidge would "develop qualities of leadership," but comparatively few believed that he could, and almost none suspected that just as he was, with his known character of caution, calmness, silence, and retirement, he could become a dominant figure. He has not changed, he has shown little of what is usually considered leadership, yet his strength is as unmistakable as it is surprising. It is the one strength of the Republican party.

It is also Washington's pet mystery, and politicians are scratching their heads to solve it, without much success so far. The question of what it is that feeds the greatness of leaders has always been a fascinating and perplexing one; in this case it is more perplexing than usual, and of even more importance. For the man who can find what makes Coolidge popular will have solved the problem of our present American state of mind, will know how to control or forecast opinion, and will hold the keys to the coming campaign.

His present popularity is immense, obvious, and growing, though it is neither vociferous nor enthusiastic. The question to be settled during the campaign is whether it will last. There is grave doubt of this among some of the Republican leaders. "The Coolidge strength is based on a myth which is likely to explode at any moment," one of them told me some weeks ago. "I can't understand how it's lasted so long, and don't dare hope it will last till November." Yet since he made this remark it has grown enormously. Beyond question, the election will hinge on it.

There are evidences of the Coolidge strength on every hand. One has only to note the applause which greets him when—rarely—his picture is thrown on a movie screen. Any one who reads many papers has been surprised to find how much support is given him even in journals which are strongly Democratic.

Much more concrete is the evidence of the primaries. In State after State the Coolidge vote has run far ahead of his friends' best hopes, and this even in the Middle West, where he was supposed to be weak. Nor is it true that this is due either to the use of money or to extreme organization pressure, as has been charged. There has been no need to spend much money, since his nomination was conceded from before the time of the earliest primaries except by his most bitter and optimistic enemies. Also the organizations have been none too friendly, and, if they had been, no organization could account for the weight of the indorsement given. That can come only from public favor.

The Senatorial Repulse

MOST striking of all has been the collapse of the attack on him in the Senate. The stage had been carefully set for a Roman holiday, with Coolidge as the Christian martyr. Yet, though weeks have passed, the play has not begun. And when the extremely unterrified Democrats in the upper house find reason to abandon so pleasant a promised pastime, it may safely be assumed that they have run into a staggering influence.

This strength of the President's has come to him in the face of handicaps which were enough to justify any skepticism. In the first place, his personality lacks almost all the elements usually thought necessary for popular appeal. He is anything but a "mixer;" he has about him nothing romantic or inspiring; no such trick of coining catch phrases as Wilson owned, nor power of inflaming emotions as Roosevelt did. He has no dash, no color, no flaming heat. He is a pitiably poor self-advertiser. And he has made no effort to imitate any of these qualities or to be other than himself.

He has not, either, assumed any vivid leadership; indeed, little leadership of any kind. He has made no visible effort to force legislation or spectacular changes in administration, advanced no thrilling theories, and sounded no clarion calls. Worse, he has inherited an Administration weakened by scandals, and has been given little and grudging support from his party. Yet he has struck back at his attackers only once, and has not "taken his case to the people."

Where the President Failed

FINALLY, any politician will tell you that, while he has played politics, he has not always played well. His choice of Slemp as private secretary, his permitting Denby to resign, his waiting so long before ousting Daugherty and then acting on a minor and doubtful issue, his long delay in calling his hecklers to time and then basing his attack on a small and lawyer-like technicality instead of on the broader questions of fairness and good government which were involved and on which the public was ready to support him—all these are generally considered blunders, both by his friends and his enemies.

Even his warmest supporters grieve, too, over the chances he has missed. There were numberless openings for plays to the galleries while the scandals were at their height. He could have demanded resignations right and left, ordered officials suspended pending trial, taken the lead in a dusty house-cleaning. Instead he did only what apparently simply had to be done. The politicians think with longing of what Wilson or Roosevelt would have made of such a situation. How, they ask, can any such man as he hold public support?

Now that they are finally convinced that he does just that, however, they are beginning to discover reasons and explanations for it—reasons which did not occur to them till the result was forced on their attention. Talks with many men, both in and out of Congress and of the political organizations, show a consensus on certain of them.

"He shines by contrast with Congress;" "Congress is so discredited that every attack on him has been a boost;" "The Democrats have overplayed their hand and he wins on the roorback." These are the most pat and prompt of

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the reasons given. Even conservative Democrats admit the truth in them.

Second comes taxation. To be sure, the tax plan was prepared without his initiative and would have been put forward just the same if Harding had lived; but credit for it and for supporting it goes to Coolidge. This is widely believed to account for the favor given him by business men generally, by chambers of commerce, and by a vast army of people whose taxes would have been reduced if it had gone through. His opposition to the bonus is believed to have given more of the same kind of strength.

The President Plays the Game

ANOTHER source of popularity, not so obvious, is admitted by some. This is that he "plays the game" with the local political organizations. President Harding did not; just why is not clear, since he was so thoroughly an organization man. He kept Democrats in many places where they might have been dropped; he often refused to recognize the claims for patronage made by local party workers. So there developed toward him a wide coolness, which appeared in lack of support from minor leaders everywhere and from some major ones. Their failure to "root" for him was a serious weakness. Coolidge has convinced them that he will "take care" of them, and so is getting enthusiastic propaganda among the rank and file where it counts most.

There is some suspicion among the bigger men that he is planning at some convenient time to get rid of the last of the "old guard," of the "Harding crowd," the "politically minded" leaders. Some of the men from whom he takes advice are undoubtedly urging this, and believe that he will attempt it. The spreading hope of this is a strength with many of the people; on the other hand, it would have little effect on the minor workers just mentioned. The men whom it would offend—mostly in the Republican National Committee—are very lukewarm toward Coolidge, anyway. They support him because they must. If he shall delay his attack on them till after election, they will be unable to damage him very severely. So here his cautious methods have brought him, for the time at least, support from three different directions.

These three reasons—taxation, reaction against Congress, and shrewd politics—are as far as most politicians go in trying to explain the President's strength. One or two point out in addition that there is no important competitor for public favor, and suggest that he could not hold his own against a real rival. Others agree with Senator Pepper that recognition of his honesty and devotion to duty, as well as of his coolness under fire, is a great source of popularity. One man argues that his strength is due merely to his office, that "we Americans have a habit of worshiping our bosses till we get ready to kill them."

An entirely different point of view comes from a traveling salesman whose work carries him to all parts of the country.

"Folks are taking to Coolidge just because he doesn't throw any bluffs," this man told me. "He isn't making any promises or threats or noise of any kind. He doesn't go up in the air, or go off half-cocked. He isn't rocking the boat. He's just sticking to his job and using plain ordinary common sense of the kind any one can understand in doing it. He's a relief to them after the fuss they're used to."

The Views of Senator Capper

SINCE it is generally granted that the coming election will be decided in the Middle West, and chiefly by the farmers, I asked Senator Capper, whose big string of farm papers gives him a particularly close touch with farm thought, for his estimate of its attitude toward Coolidge. He began by pointing out the very strong sentiment for the President in rural districts, citing some figures gathered in a poll conducted exclusively along rural routes by the "Farm Journal." These show that of 41,668 votes cast for sixteen candidates of all parties, Coolidge received 16,598, or almost forty per cent. He had nearly three times as many as La Follette, who was his nearest rival.

"The real strength of the President among the farmers," Senator Capper said, "is that they trust him. They trust him absolutely, and for several reasons that are peculiar to themselves, as well as for the reasons which are affecting public opinion everywhere. They like him especially because he has the same background they have; he was raised on a farm, knows their problems and troubles, talks their language, thinks their thoughts. Many of his characteristics are of the kind they particularly understand. His taciturnity, his simple speech, his religious convictions, his quiet life, the very tones of his voice—he shares these with the great bulk of farmers.

"Another thing is that they have no reservations about his honesty. They know he plays politics; so do they, and they have no objection. But they also know that he has no taint of Wall Street, no affiliations with big business, nothing that prevents his being an absolutely honest and straight servant of all the people.

"A third thing is that he doesn't worry them. They are rather tired of noise in politics, and of wild promises and purposeless excitement. He handles his problems on the basis of the kind of common sense they understand and appreciate.

"One thing, I think, has not been given the importance it deserves. That is the indorsement which Ford gave the President some time ago. Ford is tremendously strong with the farmers; his word counted for more than that of any other man could have counted. They trust him for much the same reasons that they trust Coolidge, and when Ford backed up the President they were more than ready to back him, too. I believe that it was Ford's brief statement that really started the Coolidge boom among the farmers."

These, greatly condensed, are all the explanations I have been able to gather as to the growth of Coolidge sentiment. There is undoubtedly truth in all of them, but there seems to be another, deeper, and more fundamental reason than them all for the public's support. It is implied and hinted in several of these statements. It would not, of course, be effective if the other things were not true, and yet they might all be true—they have often enough been true of other public men—without winning any such indorsement as is being given him.

The Ebb of Emotionalism

THIS fundamental thing seems to be a change in the state of mind of the American public, which finds in Mr. Coolidge's rather unusual character and temperament a kind of leadership and expression which at other times would not have been accepted. This change is the appearance in full force in the political field of the reaction, so often remarked in other parts of our National consciousness, from the high tensions of the last few years.

For above twenty years, now, American politics has been on a strongly emotional and strained basis. There was a lull after the free silver campaign, which was broken when Roosevelt became leader. He accustomed us to spectacular and thrilling politics, to high seasoning, vivid colors, and hot issues. His fight with Taft increased all this, the war further increased it, and President Wilson, whatever his intellectual power, was skillful in stirring and maintaining emotionalism.

Other politicians have found no way to win attention except by outblazing the previous records. Each new aspirant has beaten a bigger drum, shot off more highly colored fireworks, been more vociferous than the one before. Exaggerations, violent charges and equally violent promises, hifalutin language, hifa-

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lutin hopes, and general hysteria have been the current coin of our politics.

Now, it appears, the value of this currency has fallen for the same reasons that the German mark fell. People have learned that its intrinsic value is growing constantly smaller, and there has been a heavy overproduction. There was some evidence of a demand for a more stable political medium in the 1920 campaign, though it was obscured by the personal repudiation of Wilson. Now it is appearing in far clearer form, and is turned against the Senatorial howlers. They had made one more attempt to set a new record for excitement and hysteria—to float a new issue of the ancient political currency. To some extent they succeeded, for there was some value in their offering, but they "flooded the market" and now find their stuff about on a par with the paper mark. They beat the biggest political drum used in politics in many years, and merely made folks tired.

This reaction was surprising, in view of the excellent case with which they started; it is inexplicable except in the knowledge that it is a reaction not merely against the noise of the last few weeks, but against the whole overstrain of many years. It means chiefly that the country wants a rest.

Coolidge gives just that. He is soothing. His qualities inspire trust and confidence, while making no demands on enthusiasm. He has found the country at the exact point where it feels the need of leadership in sense, calmness, and coolness—precisely the things he is qualified to give. "He is strong, solid, and everlasting as the rock of Gibraltar," Judge Gary remarked recently. When before would that have been praise for an American politician?

So it seems that the Coolidge variety of leadership is successful and Mr. Coolidge himself is popular simply because his brand of leadership is needed just at this time.

There is comfort in knowing that America is willing to support a man for such solid qualities as these, even if it does not happen often. Comfort, too, in knowing that the country has developed a desire for honesty and industry and calm in its leaders, instead of being lured always by flaming oratory and wild promises, as has so often been the case in the last few years. So long as this remains true there is much more hope for the future of democracy than a good many people recently have been willing to admit.

John W. Davis—A Sober-Minded Liberal

By HERMAN NEWSOME

Of the men who have been mentioned as possible Democratic candidates for the Presidency, one of the ablest is John W. Davis, ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Mr. Newsome tells of his achievements and of what his neighbors think about him

AMID the Alleghany foothills in central West Virginia lies the thriving city of Clarksburg, birthplace and long the home of John W. Davis. As a vantage-point for obtaining an accurate perspective of the real Davis this spot must be unexcelled. Realizing that fact, and desirous of securing at first hand a thorough knowledge of the impression left by the man upon his fellow-citizens regardless of their station in life, I spent several weeks during the early part of last winter in this rugged and picturesque section. I remember in particular one evening when I stopped a grimy-faced workman on his way home from the crowded shop, carrying tucked high up under his arm the black-tin dinner-pail so common down there.

"You have lived in Clarksburg long?"

"Most o' my days," answered the man with the empty pail.

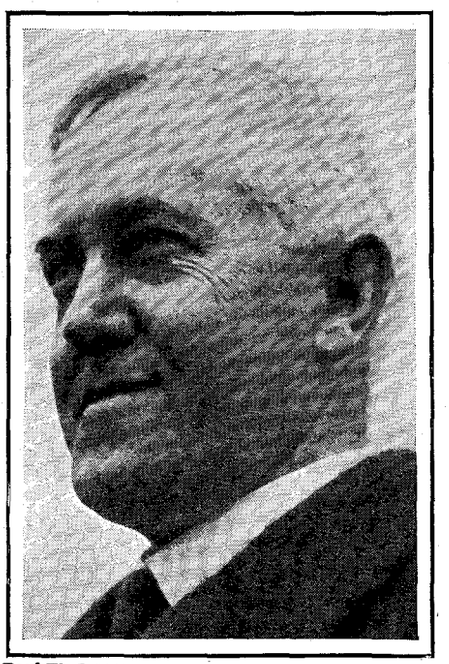
"Then you could tell a stranger something about John W. Davis?"

"I reckon that wouldn't be very hard to do, mister."

"Do the people believe in him? Has he their confidence?"

With an almost silent chuckle, the native replied: "Lawyers as a general rule will bear watchin', but when John Davis says a thing ye can count on it."

"If he should be nominated, will you support him?"



Paul Thompson

John W. Davis

Again the broad smile. "My folks has always been Republicans, and I've us'ally voted that way, but this year I'm for Davis."

"Why?"

"Well, ye see, he gits things done. I know he don't talk as much as most politicians. Still, he's right there when it comes to doin' things."

"What about his being a Wall Street lawyer?"

"Wall Street—" By his slight hesitation I suspected that, while he was aware of the odium popularly attached to that notorious name, he did not clearly understand whether it was a political organization like Tammany or merely an aggregation of money barons. "Wall Street," he resumed, "will never hurt him. John Davis is sound all the way through."

Typical was this man's opinion of the widespread feeling then prevalent throughout that region. If Davis becomes the nominee, party lines within the Little Mountain State will for the first time in its history almost completely vanish. West Virginians love this son. With them three attributes distinguish him: probity of character, acute intellectual penetration, and a recognized capacity for leadership which, in combination with a practical though far-sighted vision, has placed the stamp of indelibility upon his achievements. Naturally of a genial temperament, his striking address has given him a strong personal following. Ever since the days of early youth his powerful mentality has been the marvel of all who knew him. Dignified but not austere, brilliant of intellect but far from being simply a machine, he has gathered with the journey of years a countless number of admirers ready to

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support him unfalteringly. Says the Washington correspondent of the Boston "Transcript:" "One thing most characteristic of him is straight thinking. He discerns the essential point unerringly, and never allows himself to be deflected, . . . and his action is as straight as his thought, . . . but ever tactful withal."

This remarkable union of such rare qualities has eminently fitted him for the mantle of command which his associates have so repeatedly thrown upon his shoulders. When he entered the West Virginia House of Delegates at the age of twenty-six, they made him leader. When he was sent to Congress at thirty-eight, he soon gained the reputation of being one of the few really able men in the lower house, and upon his assignment to the Judiciary Committee that body called him to the chair. When the Department of Justice needed a man to argue for it those cases which were to go before the Supreme Court, he was chosen Solicitor-General. In 1918, by Walter Page's retirement, there was left vacant the most important of our diplomatic posts, one which had in times less trying tested the skill of such statesmen as John Adams, Bancroft the historian, and John Hay. The man who should succeed Page in this hour of civilization's great travail must at once renew and sustain the very delicate and complex structure of relationship then uniting the two English-speaking nations. Davis was named. Not even the slightest hitch was felt when he assumed these duties. Long accustomed to the practice of going to the bottom of every problem, political and legal, he unhesitatingly grappled with the new situation in a way which shortly caused the most pressing difficulties to yield themselves before his comprehensive mind. All who met him came to respect and admire him. How well he acquitted himself is evidenced by high authority in England, which declared that the work he had done at London would live long after his going. In a like manner his labors have ever elicited praise from those who were in a position to know, from Republicans as well as from Democrats, from high American executives, and from justices of the Supreme Court. Seven years in Washington brought him into daily contact with our own prominent leaders. Three years abroad acquainted him with the chief men of Europe and gave him an adequate idea of our relation to the rest of mankind. In fact, since Jackson it is extremely doubtful if any President of his faith has gone into office so well prepared for the position as Davis is.

In politics he is a sober-minded liberal, not a futile theorist. Devoted to the League of Nations, he saw with reason that a partial step was better than inaction, and consequently after the Senate balked at the League he advocated our entry into the World Court. He believes that laws are made to be enforced. And he will enforce them. His views on taxation show him to have a firm grasp of the underlying principles which have kept his party in full vigor for one hundred and twenty years. On this subject the positive character of his philosophy can best be gleaned from his own words:

> It is the glory of the Democratic party to be known as the party of liberalism, speaking for and in the name of the liberal thought of the country. As such it is not ashamed to learn from the lessons of the past, not afraid, because they are new, to face the problems of the future. . . .
>
> It follows that those who hold these ideals have nothing for sale. They cannot bargain away the taxing power of the Government to beneficiaries of a tariff in return for political contributions. Believing that unnecessary taxation is always unjust taxation, they are willing to go as far as the furthest in reducing the burdens that weigh on the productive energy of the country. . . .
>
> Their doctrine is opportunity, not privilege; that each American shall have what alone an American should desire, an unhampered chance to make his own way in the world. . . .
>
> There is no freedom unless men may enjoy the fruits of their own labor. There is no despotism equal to subtracting from a man's holdings what he is unwilling to give. . . .
>
> Most important of all the planks in the taxation platform is that the key-note of all Democratic policy, passing any question of taxation, shall be to keep the road open for human energy and human initiative.

Consistently occupying the foreground in Davis's mental horizon, this last thought demonstrates his understanding of the evils which lie back of the disturbed condition of society. In the fostering of private initiative will be found the solution of the problem facing the laborer who must live by brain or muscle.

Armed with a daring imagination equal to that of McAdoo, Davis stands free of the latter's entanglements. As progressive in action as Roosevelt, he has aroused much less animosity. Ranking in breadth of vision close to Woodrow Wilson, the West Virginian is amply possessed with what that President had not —an endearing personality and a wealth of practical experience in working with others.

Platforms of the People

ALL the returns thus far tabulated in The Outlook's inquiry have been reassembled this week according to the sections they represent, instead of political parties. As will be seen in the table and accompanying note, the country has been divided in an unusual manner.

For example, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey are included with the New England States. Wyoming is in the same section with Kansas. This arrangement is made because the States thus placed together seem to have a community of economic and to some degree political interests.

In other issues of The Outlook where the returns were tabulated according to political preference it was shown conclusively that there was very little difference of opinion among adherents of political faiths. Many of those who marked the ballots seemed to be guided in part by economic considerations.

There were few issues which were treated as partisan, though the tariff and League of Nations questions might be so characterized. On the other hand, there were distinctly National questions, such as prohibition, a Federal employment bureau, extension of the principle of Federal aid for education, and the strengthening of the Monroe Doctrine.

If one is tempted to include as National the questions of preparedness and immigration, he hesitates because of the so-called "isolated and provincial beliefs" often attributed to people living far inland and away from the seaboard; in other words, at a relatively safe distance from both the enemy and the peaceful invader.

It is interesting, therefore, to learn the thought in the respective sections. The Coast Industrial Section is so defined because the problems in those States are similar. They form the congested area. About them revolve problems of transportation, food distribution, competitive industries, and, in short, everything in the realm of industrial economy. Even

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prohibition has a different angle in those States, due to the proximity of the rum fleets off the coast and the transportation facilities. There are so many highways leading out of all the large coast towns that it is almost impossible to patrol them effectually.

While the Central Industrial States have many problems and issues similar to those of their Eastern neighbors, they have the advantage or disadvantage, as the case may be, of both East and West communications. Likewise we have come to recognize "the solid South" both politically and economically. It is bound together by many kindred interests which are in no way National. Cotton is an illustration—that and the cheap labor of which the Northern manufacturer complains. The mill-owner in New England says he cannot compete with Southern mills where children and others are employed for less than he is compelled to pay. Then, too, the transportation system of the entire South is very much alike. The racial problems of the Southern States are different from those in the Coast Industrial States, and their agricultural problems are different from those in the Central Agricultural Section.

It is in the Central Agricultural States that the farm bloc developed. There are the constituencies of a majority of the insurgent element in Congress, barring a few exceptions from the Mountain Section. The Central Agricultural section might be expected to vote as a unit on many of the agricultural issues and to neglect such items as preparedness, foreign relations, and Federal education. One would look for policies favorable to increased immigration if only to work on the farms and help build up the population in States where there is as yet no evidence of overcrowding. In fact, we might expect to find the Central Agricultural, Mountain, and Pacific Sections utterly at odds with the East and South on numerous issues.

Therein lies the surprise. As the returns have indicated from the first, when they represented only the East, opinions are very much the same. There is more sentiment in favor of Government ownership in the Middle West and South than on the coasts, though one finds nearly as much opposition from the same sections. Nationalization of the railways and coal mines receives more supporters from the inland sections.

The South is more favorable to many of the agricultural relief measures than the Central Agricultural Section, while the Coast Industrial and Southern States for the most part are in accord with the West on the development of the St. Lawrence waterways. While the Central and Mountain Sections indorse a Federal tax on land held out of use, opinion is divided almost or quite equally in the East, South, and Far West. Is that an indication that the question of idle land becomes acute where population is dense or is most rapidly growing?

All the sections think very much alike on the Mellon plan for tax reduction, indorsing it by overwhelming majorities, and approve the idea of lowering tariffs while retaining the flexible provision system. Opposition to the bonus for war veterans is strongest on the two coasts. While the Coast Industrial and Southern Sections are about one-fourth wet, they do not fail to join the rest of the country in indorsing the Prohibition Law as it stands to-day. That fact contradicts various statements that there are whole sections of the country which would welcome a change in the law. The Outlook's poll, which has been quite comprehensive in that it includes all sorts of people in many walks of life, is, we believe, a fair indication of National sentiment.

One of the most surprising results of the examination of the ballots is the large proportion of votes from the South in favor of a Federal anti-lynching law. After due allowance is made for the fact that there is a larger proportion of Republican votes from the South than one would expect, the figures still will be regarded as extraordinary. An analysis of the ballots shows some interesting results. The Democratic men of the South are more opposed to the Federal anti-lynching law than any other group, but their opposition is not by any means overwhelming. There are more than seven who approve to every nine who condemn. On the other hand, Democratic women of the South are in favor of the Federal anti-lynching law in the proportion of two to one. Indeed, their sentiment in its favor is more pronounced than that of either the Independent men or the Independent women of the South. Perhaps the growing sentiment in the South against lynching may be explained by this vote of Southern women.

Nowhere is there material opposition to further restrictive measures in immigration. The farming districts desire exclusion equally with the industrial States.

For preparedness, sentiment is as keen in Missouri and Colorado as it is in New York and California.

While approval of the programme of the Ku Klux Klan is strongest in the South, disapproval there is stronger than approval; indeed, is almost as strong as elsewhere throughout the country.

The people in the Agricultural and Mountain Sections have not failed to consider the questions of the merchant marine. That is another sign that this country is no longer divided into three parts, such as East, Central, and West. Comment from the Mississippi Valley and the Rockies is just as strong as on the coasts, though it is at a distance from the seaboard that one finds the strongest expression of belief in the possibility of the Government operating its own ships. Not that a majority favor it. Except in the Mountain Section the plurality is against it. All sections agree with the President's proposal to reorganize the executive departments of the Government, and subscribe to the policy of halting the development of bureaucratic power in Washington.

It is the Democratic South that provides the only sectional vote in favor of the League of Nations, though the vote is closely divided on the Pacific Coast. Elsewhere the opposition to the League is unmistakable, though nowhere overwhelming. A large proportion evidently think the question should be ignored. In contrast, the overwhelming vote for the World Court is conspicuous.

Except for the fact that the majority in the Southern and Mountain Sections condemn the sale of arms to foreign governments, the country is united on other foreign questions. Except on the Pacific Coast, where the vote is almost even, a plurality, but nowhere a majority, desire the least possible participation in foreign affairs. Notably all sections are agreed that foreign debts should not be canceled.

Next week

The Outlook

will publish comments from our readers on "The Platforms of the People" and a selection of the model planks which our Platform voters have proposed

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Weekly Recapitulation of Ballots for
The Platforms of the People

Figures show percentage based on number of ballots received

	Coast Industrial Approved	Coast Industrial Condemned	Central Industrial App'd	Central Industrial Cond'd	Central Agricultural App'd	Central Agricultural Cond'd	Southern App'd	Southern Cond'd	Mountain App'd	Mountain Cond'd	Pacific App'd	Pacific Cond'd
I—TRANSPORTATION												
1. Voluntary consolidation of the railroads.	72	11	64	12	57	19	64	17	54	17	50	13
2. Compulsory consolidation of the railroads	12	63	11	60	18	55	14	66	19	47	19	57
3. Compulsory freight rate reduction	23	42	32	39	39	33	43	35	56	27	24	43
4. Continuance of Esch-Cummins Act	40	11	45	12	43	19	31	14	33	17	42	12
5. Nationalization of the railroads with co-operative administration by workers, shippers, and public	16	66	18	54	23	59	22	59	24	53	12	71
II—AGRICULTURAL RELIEF												
1. Formation of a Federal Grain Export Corporation	39	29	39	27	46	23	52	19	41	27	39	29
2. Federal aid for Farmers' Co-operatives	44	27	41	31	46	28	52	21	53	21	39	30
3. Federal purchase of wheat	9	62	6	70	10	64	16	58	11	53	6	66
4. Price fixing of staple farm products	13	58	11	63	15	65	22	51	20	55	10	66
5. Further extension of farm credits	50	17	53	22	53	24	56	19	54	21	59	20
6. Development of St. Lawrence waterways	59	17	75	6	85	4	58	9	63	6	66	6
III—TAXATION												
1. Reduction of taxes by Mellon plan	85	6	77	10	70	19	73	14	66	17	82	8
2. Reduction of taxes by Garner plan	8	61	13	57	21	46	24	50	23	48	14	58
3. A Federal tax on land held out of use	36	33	42	26	40	25	33	33	46	26	35	33
IV—TARIFF												
1. Continuance of Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law	42	22	44	21	36	28	36	31	40	15	43	27
2. Continuance of flexible provision for revenue only with lowering of tariffs	57	14	55	15	55	17	48	15	49	26	57	16
3. Tariff for revenue only without flexible provision	12	45	13	48	18	44	17	39	17	45	15	49
V—BONUS												
1. Adjusted compensation for all war veterans	18	71	29	59	33	52	32	63	37	53	19	71
VI—PROHIBITION												
1. Rigid enforcement under Civil Service	80	9	87	6	85	5	84	7	77	13	87	7
2. Change in the alcoholic content as now limited by the Volstead Act	28	56	16	67	16	69	25	59	22	63	19	65
VII—GENERAL WELFARE												
1. Equal social, legal, and industrial rights for women	65	19	59	16	67	15	64	25	60	21	65	14
2. An amendment enabling Congress to prevent exploitation of children in industry	87	6	86	5	88	6	83	12	89	5	87	7
3. Federal Anti-Lynching Law	70	12	70	11	73	11	47	29	67	15	67	12
4. Establishment of a Federal Employment Bureau	54	23	51	26	50	19	37	19	66	15	50	23
VIII—EDUCATION												
1. Extension of principle of Federal aid for education	55	24	56	32	68	12	68	22	70	16	58	16
IX—IMMIGRATION												
1. Registration of aliens	86	4	87	4	87	4	84	9	81	3	81	3
2. Continuance of quota method of restriction	52	26	53	24	54	25	43	37	41	28	50	30
3. Further restriction	73	10	79	9	77	9	79	8	82	5	79	10
4. Less restriction	7	65	7	69	7	66	6	68	3	73	7	67
5. Examination of prospective immigrants at ports of departure	97	2	96	1	98	1	93	2	96	1	96	1

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	Coast Industrial		Central Industrial	Central Agricultural	Southern	Mountain	Pacific
X—PREPAREDNESS	Approved	Condemned	App'd Cond'd	App'd Cond'd	App'd Cond'd	App'd Cond'd	App'd Cond'd
1. Expansion of Navy to standards set by Conference on Limitation of Armament.	83	8	82...10	74...12	82....8	87....8	85....9
2. Extension of Air Service	83	7	83....7	79...10	82....4	85....5	85....5
XI—AIR MAIL							
1. The further development of air mail service	74	7	71...11	73...10	76....7	81....7	76....6
XII—LABOR							
1. Continuance of Railroad Labor Board	65	9	65...10	67...10	66...11	59...17	74...12
2. Abolition of injunctions in labor disputes	13	56	15...59	19...50	11...51	17...50	11...64
3. Nationalization, and democratic administration by technicians, workers, and consumers, of coal mines	30	46	36...42	37...39	27...41	33...43	24...49
4. Federal licensing of private detective agencies	57	12	49...14	59...12	48...14	54...13	50...16
XIII—KU KLUX KLAN							
1. Programme of Klan	16	49	19...40	11...45	30...39	18...47	14...49
XIV—SUPER-POWER							
1. Government control and distribution of high-power transmission	52	26	52...25	56...19	61...24	64...17	50...29
XV—MONEY							
1. Issuing of Federal currency based on commodities and labor	16	54	13...58	19...53	15...51	19...60	13...63
XVI—CONSERVATION							
1. A vigorous conservation policy with extended Federal control over public properties	87	5	87....4	81....6	83....7	75....9	85....8
XVII—MERCHANT MARINE							
1. Sale of Government ships to private owners	71	10	62...17	55...19	56...22	54...27	74...10
2. Operation by Government of Government-owned ships	28	49	31...44	39...38	33...36	46...37	18...56
3. Federal ship subsidy	54	24	49...24	48...28	44...20	46...23	58...21
XVIII—GOVERNMENT REORGANIZATION							
1. Reorganization of the Executive Departments on the lines proposed in President's Annual Message	83	2	75....6	83....3	71....2	72....4	86....2
2. Effort to arrest the development of bureaucratic power	75	4	70....6	61....9	59...12	72...13	75....3
XIX—FOREIGN RELATIONS							
1. League of Nations	31	44	29...47	28...44	46...34	24...60	38...40
2. World Court	75	10	73....9	73....9	63...18	63...17	81....7
3. Hague Tribunal	48	10	48....8	47....9	34...13	46...12	49....9
4. Development of Four-Power Treaty principle	49	10	48...10	45...11	41...11	49...12	59....9
5. Secretary Hughes's present policy:	49	6	53....3	50....7	44....2	49....5	54....2
(*a*) Non-recognition of Russia.	77	9	77....9	69...14	71...11	71...15	81....8
(*b*) Strengthening Monroe Doctrine	78	6	80....4	74....7	80....4	80....5	77....4
(*c*) Sale of arms to foreign governments	39	32	40...31	35...35	28...39	35...39	42...27
(*d*) Unofficial co-operation with foreign commissions	62	14	61...12	49...17	48...19	57...19	66...11
(*e*) Least possible participation	39	32	43...24	40...28	36...27	39...25	33...34
6. Cancellation of foreign debts	13	74	8...80	11...77	16...68	9...81	9...75

NOTE.—The tabulation of the ballots this week is according to the sections of the country from which they came. The Coast Industrial Section consists of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. The Central Industrial Section consists of West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. The Central Agricultural Section consists of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Wyoming. The Southern Section consists of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas. The Mountain Section consists of Colorado, New Mexico, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, and Nevada. The Pacific Section consists of Washington, Oregon, and California.

An analysis of these figures appears on pages 60 and 61.

The poll on the Platforms of the People was closed on April 30. In later issues we shall report further conclusions which intelligent public opinion, as indicated by this poll, has reached concerning the issues before the country.—THE EDITORS.

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P. & A. Photos

The much-feared secret State Police of Russia, whose secret investigations have led to the imprisonment of thousands. President Unschlicht (center); Meevejeff, chief of the Moscow political police (second from right of picture); Otto Steinbruck, of the Foreign Department (at the extreme left of picture)

Simianova's Prisoner

By RICHARD EATON

IF you are looking for a nice, quiet summer resort, not too expensive, where you are certain of finding congenial company, I can recommend quite a delightful spot. It is in Moscow, and it will fulfill all your requirements. The expenses of the entire vacation will not be greater than the railway fare to Moscow and return. Unfortunately, admission is rather difficult for this resort. It is a club, presided over by a most inquisitive committee, called the Cheka. The name of the club is Boutirky. This is how I discovered it:

Four days after my arrival in Moscow an officer of the Examining Committee, or Cheka, accompanied by two soldiers, came to my room at the Hotel Savoy with a blank warrant for my arrest. Perhaps it was because I had not as yet presented my card at the Hon. M. Tchitcherin's, and incidentally because I was the correspondent of a very naughty *bourgeois* paper. I have never learned the reason. I wasn't expecting this honor, for it was two o'clock in the morning. In fact, I was quite unable to think of any argument sufficiently potent to convince the rather disagreeable Cheka agent that I had to step across the hallway for a moment to tell my colleague that I was on my way to a better land.

So I disappeared from the little world of Moscow, which had known me for only four days, without leaving the slightest clue as to my whereabouts.

I became a member of the distinguished order of Bolshevik prisoners, preliminary to my election as a member of the Boutirky.

THERE is an old adage that the leopard cannot change his spots. Despite the demand for the recognition of the reformed Russian Government, Mr. Eaton has discovered a few spots on its hide and these spots he graphically describes.

Now, as I have explained, the Bolsheviks are most particular as to whom they admit to the Boutirky prison, so for my initiation they sent me to the Sobachnik (dog kennel), as the rooms in the basements of the Loubianka are fondly called.

I found myself in a room about 13 by 15 feet, directly below the execution chamber. It rather spoiled my desire to go to heaven—at least by the shortest way. There was a small skylight window, but it was boarded and gave practically no light. One electric globe in the ceiling, dimmed by cobwebs of several years, made it possible to distinguish the outline of the room. The Bolos, you see, are very considerate as to the welfare of their guests. In every prison, and I have been in three, the electric light is never extinguished, day or night, lest the prisoners might fear that their lives were in greater danger.

The twenty-one prisoners in my particular "dog kennel" had very selfishly taken possession, before my arrival, not only of the several benches but also of all the air.

The next morning when I saw the half pound of black bread and the soup, which we all ate, in true canine fashion, from the same dish, I thought I was going to starve. But I did not; I only grew bilious.

Three and a half days after my arrival in the "dog kennel" the examining magistrate became convinced that I was a fit subject to make his acquaintance, and sent for me. It is the custom of the Cheka, I learned, to make certain that the prisoner looks and feels like a Communist before interviewing him.

By this time the air had so stimulated my appetite and the darkness so blinded me that I could see only a loaf of white bread which lay on the magistrate's desk. Remembering that Russia was a Communist country, I broke off a large piece from the loaf and immediately started eating it, while the members of the Cheka gazed at me with consternation. It was very good bread, and is always placed upon the desk of the examining magistrate as a reward for good prisoners. But I took my reward in advance, having lost all confidence in the world of the Bolos. Then I set out to be good. Moreover, I had sufficient inspiration, for there was the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen in all Russia listening to me. About thirty years old, of the typical Russian type, with a slightly turned-up nose, her eyes an innocent gray blue, she was the picture of innocence. As I saw her sitting in the far corner of the examination room in the foreign department of the Cheka, I felt a thrill of pleasure. My first impression was that at least I should have the op-

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portunity of talking to one more pretty Russian girl before I died. It was Simianova, the famous chief of the foreign section of the Cheka. I little realized that she was the most romantic figure that I was to meet in prison.

When the examining magistrate asked me for the third time if I were a spy, I was obliged to deny it. Indeed, I was very glad that I did so, for Simianova changed completely. Her blue eyes blazed with a maniacal light and she innocently suggested in Russian, which she thought I did not understand: "If he does not tell us, we shall have to kill him."

I had forty-eight hours to dream about Simianova and to persuade myself that I was a spy; for I did not return to the "dog kennel" after my cross-examination. The Cheka appreciated the fact that I needed time to reflect, so they arranged for my solitary confinement in a small basement closet.

I enjoyed the air immensely. It was quite damp and compared most favorably to the warmed-up air in the "dog kennel." My only regret was that the absence of any windows or light in my dungeon prevented a more minute inspection of my only companions—the rats.

Two days later I was recalled for my second cross-examination, and adjudged fit for membership in the Boutirky.

The next day the famous black Packard truck, the *tchorny voron,* conveyed me and thirty other new members to the "club" grounds. I was assigned to a large room in the Quarantine corridor. Against the wall were slung twenty-eight hammocks, and in the center of the room was a long table, on which two prisoners slept by night and where we used to cut our bread by day.

The luxury of the Boutirky was indeed too sudden after the primitive quarters which I had recently occupied. There were two windows—small, to be sure, but they opened on the court. There were hammocks, and, most important of all, I was in the company of the flower of the Russian *intelligentsia.*

It was too much—I broke down.

"Don't worry," said a tall man with a typically Russian beard; "you will be free in six months or a year. Just think, at least five of the men in this room" (there were thirty-two) "are certain to be shot!"

The benevolent rule at the Boutirky is such that if, as in the case of most prisoners, you are permitted to write once every four weeks you may receive a monthly supply of food from your family. Although the Bolos naturally could not extend this privilege to a foreign guest—or he might have escaped by sending word to his diplomatic representative—they had thoughtfully forgotten to forbid my prison companions to share their food and tobacco with me. True, when you break a slice of white bread in half at the Boutirky it is the height of generosity. Nevertheless, during the entire time in prison I partook every day of such *bourgeois* luxuries as white bread and butter, and even canned American milk. The fact that there was a lunatic, as well as an epileptic, in the same room did not detract from appetite—not after five days in the "dog kennel" and in a dark cell. All in all, however, we had a most agreeable company, most of whom had traveled in every country in Europe.

There were engineers, princes, generals, swindlers, an Italian Communist, a Polish spy, a German colonist from Saratov, not to mention an Armenian Communist who stole my tobacco pouch, and three Cheka agents from Turkestan who had taken the inevitable bribe. The foreigners were all held *incommunicado.*

My best friend was Shouvalow (this is not his name), one of the most prominent Russian Senators and former Minister of the Czar. He had been in prison two and a half of the past three years, and had had typhus five times. After the Revolution he had become a chemist, and during his brief periods of freedom attempted to practice his profession. We used to play bridge together with cards made with charcoal and cardboard.

"But why do you stay in Russia?" I asked him. "If you will only come to Paris, everything will be all right."

He thanked me warmly, and replied:

"I am a Russian. Russia is my country. For good and for evil, I must stay here. The Bolsheviks refused to leave me in peace. They have broken up my work three times, but it will soon be all right. *'Nitchevo!'* "

Then there was a Polish officer, Kasimir Ivanoff, who never tired of asking me about prison life in the United States.

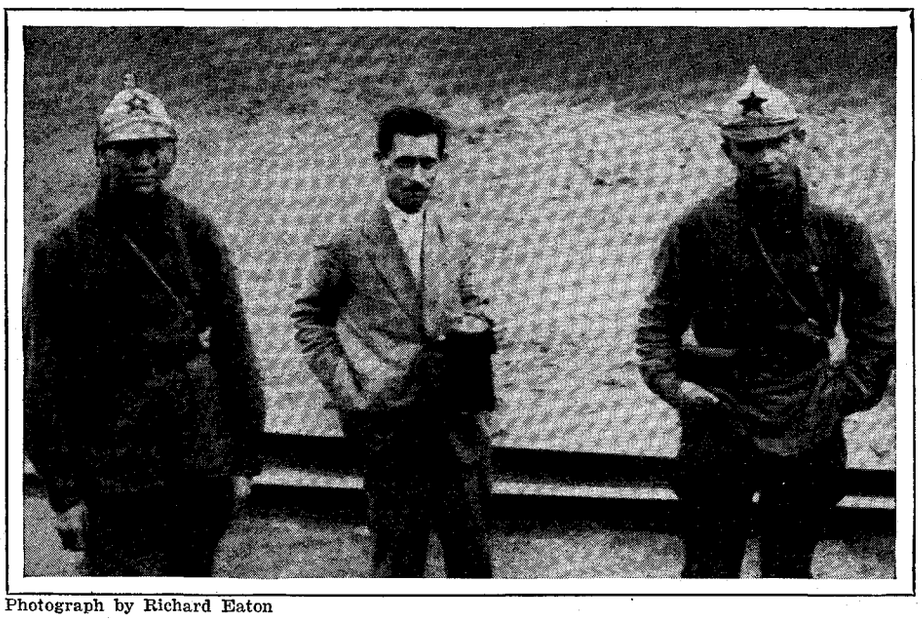
"Ah, Kasimir, American prisons are the most delightful in the world," I used to say. "You must come over and try them."

Every day at about three o'clock the *barishni* (girls) used to pass on the way to their daily exercise. There would be a shout in the room, "Barishni!" and the thirty-odd prisoners, without exception, would crowd to the window to greet the girls. It mattered little that they risked a shot from an ill-disposed guard by doing so.

The prison authorities very graciously permitted me to walk with all the other prisoners in the Quarantine division for half an hour each day. There I met Frenchmen, Italians, Rumanians, and Russians of every class. The eight archbishops and bishops of Moscow were there, as well as a goodly number of priests.

There were Anarchists too, and I asked why? They seemed like nice fellows. One explained to me that the Anarchists believe in no government, and this naturally is displeasing to the Bolsheviks, who profess Communism.

These daily walks are invaluable to journalists and students of Russian economic life, and I shall always feel deeply grateful to the Bolos for their great courtesy in sending me to the Boutirky. Indeed, there is a proverb in Russian



Photograph by Richard Eaton

On the way to the Lettish frontier the two guards charged with the duty of expelling me were persuaded to lay aside their guns for a moment and to pose for the camera, "which can be seen through," as they put it. The gentleman in the center was on his way to America via Ellis Island, and thought the best way to insure his arrival was to force himself into an American picture

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which says that to-day it's only in prison that a man dares to talk.

Unfortunately, I missed a party of two Canadians and one Englishman, who had been exiled to Archangel before my arrival. It seems that the Bolos take great care not to overcrowd the Boutirky, and even keep several rooms empty, waiting for unexpected visitors. So the Boutirky has become, for most prisoners, merely a waiting station. As soon as the papers are ready—in Russia this never takes less than three months—the prisoners are sent to Archangel or Tashkent, in Turkestan, where there are two large prison concentration camps. Among these prisoners are many foreigners, who disappear from the world—once exiled—as completely as if they had already been shot.

"Posmotreety!" (Look) was the cry one day. We ran to the window. There we saw the animated skeleton of what had once been a beautiful girl in the radiance of youth. Her arms were stretched out and she was suspended on the shoulders of two stalwart guards who were marching on each side of her. Her face was expressionless, resigned, a mass of bones and parched skin; her body so thin and emaciated that it seemed there could be no flesh that remained. Her feet scarcely touched the ground as her captors dragged her body along the walk which led from the tower to the woman's section of the prison. Her head dropped to one side, like that of a pigeon "sleeping the sleep of the just."

"Otkooda?" (Where from?) we cried.

"SS golodovki" (From a hunger strike), replied one of the guards, nonchalantly. "She's only been on it seven days."

It was the first of the many *golodovki* that I was to see. Every morning when the guard used to bring the bread he would inquire: "How many *golodovki?"* (With water and without).

Each cell was organized in a military fashion. We got up at 6:30 A.M. and filed out into the corridor, pushing our way among our comrades to a small closet, where there were two jugs of water, reserved for the use of the thirty-odd prisoners.

We returned to our cell and had breakfast, consisting of hot water and a piece of black bread. Then we lay down again until 9:30—the hour of our daily walk in the yard.

At noon the order *"Vstavaite"* (get up) was given by the *staresta* (the chief of the room), and the hammocks were strapped against the walls. Then the men who were *dejourny* (on duty) would bring in two large metal tureens of dried herring soup. There was always a rush for the door, despite the fact that, as one of the prisoners said, it must have been the water in which they wash the herrings for the commissars.

We passed the afternoon in conversation. Some used to learn to draw with the ends of burnt matches; others would study English; one used to write poetry. We had a set of chessmen, too. They were made from crumbs of bread, mixed with water and bits of paper.

At seven o'clock in the evening *vallanda* (soup) was served. This time its origin was usually carnivorous. In fact, *vallanda* means literally soup made of meat which has wandered in water for some time and then left it in disgust.

Then came the inspection.

After the guard left we used to sing Volga River songs for the better part of an hour. At first I was astounded to hear laughter and singing resounding from every cell. One could hardly realize that it was really a prison, from which twenty per cent of the inmates would never be permitted to leave except *en route* for another world.

The songs at an end, one of our group would give an informal talk upon some subject closely allied to his work. The prisoners took a great interest in my *prikluchenia* (adventures), and for three nights in succession I recounted stories of my life as a journalist. I was not flattered, however, because I knew that my Russian was even more popular than my stories.

We never went to bed early. In fact, it was usually three or four o'clock before conversation ceased. We used to lie in our hammocks and exchange confidences. This had its purpose, too. It made us very sleepy for the next day, and thus less bored by the monotony of prison life.

"Tout casse, tout passe, tout lasse." One tires of even the most delightful resort, of the most agreeable club. In fact, I did not appreciate the merits of the Boutirky at the time of my imprisonment; I even rejoiced when one day, five weeks after my initiation, I succeeded in smuggling a note to friends in the great world of Moscow.

"Eaton, na dopross, sobiraite vetchi!" (Pack up!) was the first news that I had of my liberation. I was brought face to face with the commander of the prison.

"You are to be expelled with several other foreigners in the prisoners' car next Wednesday," said the commandant.

My joy was short-lived. The next morning the famous *tchorny voron* took me from the Boutirky to the Sobachnik.

I saw Simianova again. I found that she was much grieved to hear that I did not like my lodgings, and even more eager to know how I had communicated my discontent to the world. My refusal to tell her, despite the bribe of a large piece of white bread, caused her eyes to flash once more. I am very glad, because some day I shall write a poem to those eyes.

But at that time I did not regard the affair so lightly.

I was led back to my "dog kennel." I was indeed sorry for my rudeness when at ten o'clock that evening a soldier came in search of me. I was the only prisoner to leave.

We crossed the courtyard. There my two guards were met by a second prisoner under escort. We entered the building on the farther side of the courtyard, and my heart began to palpitate. I was wide awake now.

"Govorite li vy po franzuski ili po nemetsky?" (Do you speak German or French?) I asked the other prisoner, a young doctor of about thirty-five, horribly emaciated from the ravages of the white plague.

"Vhodite y molchity" (Get on and shut up), grumbled the guard, and to emphasize his words he grasped me by the shoulder and gave me a blow.

"C'est la grande prison, c'est bien sérieux," the prisoner managed to whisper to me in French. He needed to say no more. I had heard too often of the great prison in the interior of the Loubianka.

Hidden in the courtyard of this huge quadrangular structure is a five-story building which served as a warehouse before the war. At first glance it appears to be a part of the Loubianka itself. If only it had been! To-day it is occupied by the Vecheka. It is the Bolshevik chamber of horrors. Only the most serious criminals enter here, and few indeed leave except as corpses.

Think of a prison within a prison, where escape ceases even to become a hope and dreams are only of another world.

It is the dungeon of the Middle Ages, perfected with all the ingenuity of modern civilization.

Here laughter ceases and smiles become only the vagaries of a demented soul. Faces grow tense and death becomes a welcome delivery from the torture of each awful hour. As we walked up the five long flights of stairs, each one bringing us nearer to that unknown fate, we began to pray.

We were searched again. Matches, shoe-laces, my belt, drinking-cup, handkerchiefs—everything was confiscated.

There was an air of preparedness about the prison, of self-sufficiency, which contrasted with that of the Boutirky. Here everything was modern, up to date, and ingeniously cruel. It was forbidden to talk above a whisper, and behind the walls of each cell one felt

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there lurked such tragedy as only the Orient could conceive.

On tiptoe I was led downstairs to the third floor. Soon I found myself in a very comfortable room, spotlessly clean. There were six wooden benches fastened to the floor and to the wall, and on each bench there was a small felt mattress.

It was still evening; an evening that I shall never forget. Only five of the six benches were occupied, and perhaps I should have had an excellent night if the Bolsheviks hadn't condemned all of my companions to death.

One was a priest, who had become quite insane and would moan and shriek; while another was a poor fellow over whom tuberculosis and the Bolsheviks were fighting to determine his fate. A third was a black-bearded electrical engineer. He prayed incessantly throughout the night, without arising or lowering his hands from prayer except to make the sign of the cross.

Conversation was forbidden, but from time to time we would whisper together.

What a night we had! No one slept. There were eight paces from one end of the room to the other, and I calculated how many times I must walk in order to walk a mile.

From time to time I would kneel and pray.

Morning came. It was still dark, but we scarcely realized that another day had come. A metal shield of cylindrical shape outside the window kept out the sun, and the room was always gray. No one cared. It was Saturday, and five of my companions were to die on the following Monday. Twice that Saturday morning the door opened noiselessly. Once to bring us a loaf of bread, a second time to empty the refuse can.

Stillness which spoke of tragedy and death reigned in the room.

At noon I was led to another room and my photograph was taken.

"Try to see the number they give you," one of my companions told me. "They always change the names of the prisoners here, but if you know the number of your photograph it will help you if you have a chance to get word outside."

My prayers had been answered, and early that afternoon a soldier came for me.

I left, hardly knowing if I were on my way to liberty or death.

My comrades in the cell feared for the worst, but happily they were wrong.

After a short delay I left the Vecheka for the station, bound for Riga. I was accompanied by two soldiers to the frontier. Wherever we walked they would march behind me, the bayonets at the end of their guns so close to me that from time to time I felt them caress my back gently.

Twenty-four hours later we reached the Latvian frontier.

I was *domoi*. I could only think of the words of Shelley in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty:"

> The awful shadow of some unseen power
> Floats, though unseen, among us.

The Book Table

The Outline of Art

Reviewed by Mrs. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

THE most remarkable part of this book is its title. Why should a book be called "The Outline of Art"[1] when it deals only with the art of painting (barring a few scattered notices of sculptors' work), and with the art of painting only after Giotto's day? The "jacket" of the second volume, which appears many months after the first, explains that the work is intended "not for the critic and the expert but rather for the general public wishing for guidance to the great art treasures of the world." But, of course, it is especially unfortunate that the unlearned should be so boldly misinformed as to the meaning of the word *art* and as to the real extent of the history of painting.

In regard to this latter point misinformation does not end with the title of the book. For example, we are told that, although we may not be aware of the fact, we are "perfectly familiar with mediæval Gothic art," for "examples of it may be found in every pack of playing cards," and that we may best "realize the advance" made by the brothers van Eyck by comparing their figures, not with modern portraits or photographs, but with the queen of spades or the jack of diamonds!

Nor elsewhere is the critical level high. We are told that van Dyck was "not only a supremely fluent master of the brush but also a profound and penetrating psychologist;" and, again, that although a child of Gainsborough's is "more of a little lady than any of Sir Joshua's," on the other hand Sir Joshua's "Age of Innocence" has more "psychological profundity." It is well that the text should not often try to be either profound, psychological, or in any way critical, but should content itself with being laudatory and, in greatest part, anecdotal.

The illustrations are numerous and very well chosen, wisely mingling famous and less familiar masterpieces; and by reason of their size they would be valuable were they better printed. Many of the black-and-white ones are gray and misty, while the color prints are coarsely rendered and often in hot coppery tones. Especially distressing is the Botticelli that forms the frontispiece of the first volume. And surprised indeed must be any one who, after reading the statement (surprising enough in itself) that Vermeer, of Delft, "is now recognized to have been probably the greatest colorist who ever lived," turns for confirmation to the color print of the girl's head at The Hague, which is pronounced his "masterpiece in portraiture." It is a strange book to have been fathered by one who is himself a painter.

[1] The Outline of Art. Edited by Sir William Orpen. With over 300 Illustrations, of which 24 are in Color. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50 per vol.

The New Books

FICTION

YOU TOO. By Roger Burlingame. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Clever and much more. The story of Gail Winbourne, gifted, gay, and lovable, who, born for the world of letters, is pushed by force of circumstances (of which the most important is named Muriel) into the bigger, busier, and more profitable world of slogans and advertisements. Near-tragedy results; for Gail, gradually hypnotized by the bunk he lives with and deals in, comes to take it seriously—almost the thing in him that is finest, realest, and most precious is smothered out of existence, and the creative artist lost in the advertiser of Vitapore and the Shewantsa Products. Almost, too, in losing himself he loses his neglected and uncomprehending Muriel. Why he does not do so wholly, why, sickened at last of bunk, disillusioned, and despairing, the near-tragedy enfold-

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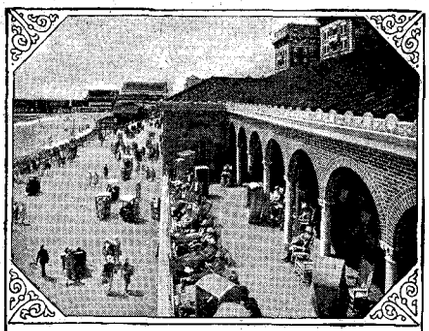

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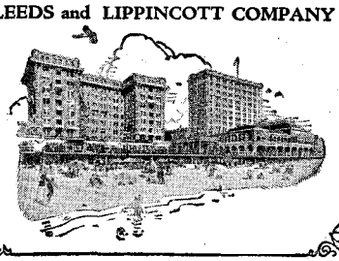

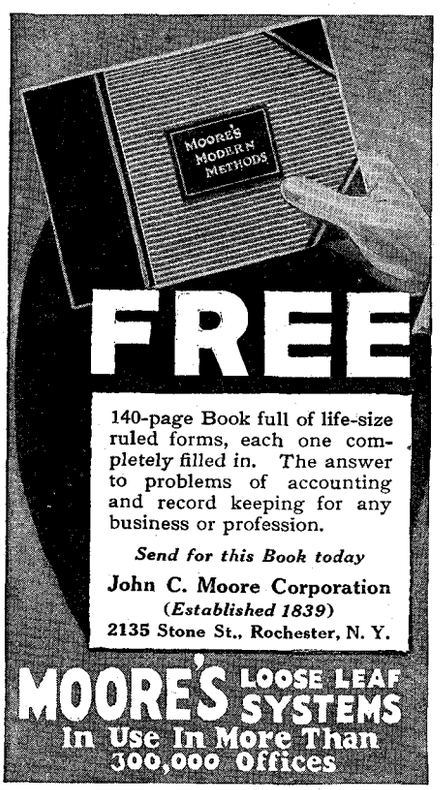

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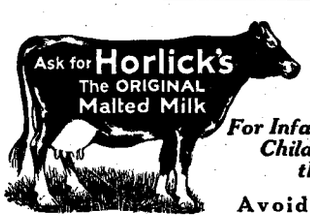

Safe Milk
For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.
Avoid Imitations

ing the unhappy young man does not merge into tragedy complete and irreparable—well, there is a reason; an admirable, a conclusive, a unique reason; but it would be a shame to betray it beforehand. A book to be read with glee and gratitude.

KING WHO WENT ON STRIKE (THE). By Pearson Choate. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

A King, an English King apparently, and not unlike the present Prince of Wales, refuses to serve. The rest of his adventures may be left for the reader to discover.

WRATH TO COME (THE). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Mr. Oppenheim is to be congratulated on a distinct advance in one phase of his art: he is learning to draw Americans. It is more than half a century now since Anthony Trollope, in Isabel Boncassen, introduced to English literature its first charming American heroine, and one who, despite a few little slips on her creator's part, did no discredit to "the States." She has had many and various successors, a few good and more bad; but even the English author who can portray or evolve a believable American girl has seldom been able to draw without caricature, intentional or otherwise, an American of his own sex. Mr. Oppenheim has been trying for some years, and some of his earlier Americans were very queer indeed. Since the war he has tried even harder; he has been less unflattering, and he has managed to squeeze some of the condescension out of his careful politeness toward our Nation. Now for "The Wrath to Come" he has chosen an American hero, Mr. Grant P. Slattery—melodious name!—who is entirely the gentleman and a very good fellow indeed; so much the gentleman and so good a fellow that you could hardly tell he wasn't English. That is a long step forward; because, while no American is really as like as that to an Englishman, any American of culture is much more like it than he is like the Englishman's idea of an American.

The action of the novel occurs in 1950. America has not yet joined the "Pact of Nations;" she is therefore without guaranties to protect her, and must stand alone—if she does not join in time—against a secretly plotted joint attack by Russia, Germany, and Japan, timed to coincide with an uprising of their nationals in the United States. (Do not smile. People laughed at Mr. Oppenheim's tales of German spies and plottings until the war broke out. It is not necessary to agree with his forebodings—he is really much concerned on our account—but as a true prophet once, he is exempt from ridicule.) It is Mr. G. P.

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Slattery's patriotic unofficial task to verify the existence of this plot and thwart it with the assistance of Lord Yeovil, the British Prime Minister, with whose daughter he is in love. There is abundant incident and variety in the course of his efforts and the enemy's machinations. Mr. Oppenheim's admirers will find in his latest novel all the qualities that have established his popularity.

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN (THE). By J. A. Spender. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 2 vols. $10.

Somewhere between ten and twenty years after the death of any English statesman of note his biography in two fat volumes appears. One may say that, pending that appearance, his obsequies are not completed. It is now sixteen years since Sir Henry breathed his last, and here you are: two fat volumes; beautifully printed and illustrated, one may add. The work is adequately done. More than that, it is done with gusto, insight, and humorous appreciation of a humorous personality. You get a real "feel" of Sir Henry. The student of Victorian and Edwardian history requires full information as to the part played therein by Sir Henry, and his requirements are fully satisfied by Mr. Spender.

As to whether Sir Henry deserves to be called a great man there has been much talk "about it and about" by the pedants and the quidnuncs. In the opinion of this reviewer, he was a truly great man, though he almost completely lacked the ostentatious qualities or additaments commonly associated with so-called greatness. He was very well informed, clear and cool headed, judicial, absolutely honorable and above petty devices, and masterful in however quiet a way. He kept his party from disintegration when it seemed inevitable that it should go to pieces. It might reasonably be contended, even, that he was the best man the British Liberals ever had. He was one of the few capable of making British Liberalism attractive. Let us retract. This biography is not obsequious; it will help to keep green the memory of its illustrious and attractive subject.

SOME THOUGHTS ON HILAIRE BELLOC. By Patrick Braybrooke. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

In spite of rather careless English and a singularly loose system of punctuation, Mr. Braybrooke has written an interesting book about that brilliant but rather erratic writer, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose utterances concerning such subjects as "The Press," "The Jews," and "The French Revolution" he has analyzed, answered, and in some cases refuted, in others acknowledging the correctness of Mr. Belloc's views. For instance, Mr. Belloc objects to the newspapers of the day, on the ground that they are in the hands of a few rich men, mostly of base origin and capacities; that they are therefore merely commercial enterprises; and, lastly, that they are too much under the domination of the advertisers. Mr. Braybrooke considers this very unfair criticism of the owners of the newspapers; that to look upon a paper as a commercial concern is one of the surest ways of making it a live one and that capital is necessary to give a paper a policy. The third objection he admits to be a valid one.

In Mr. Belloc as essayist the author deals with three of his books of essays and touches somewhat upon his personality, while in the chapter "Some Other Books and Verses" he does full justice to the enchanting "Bad Child's Book of Beasts," which still delights both old and young. These little essays are the work of a newspaper writer and are extremely good reading, the sort of thing the English do much better than we.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

FRIENDS IN SOLITUDE. By Percy Withers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

This book gives an account, for the most part subjective, of the author's life in the Lake Country of Cumberland, England, where he had a cottage on a lake in the shadow of Skiddaw. There is also, and scarcely less important, a study of a woodman who is called Dalethwaite; an ideal woodman, who reveals himself in dialect. One gets the impression that the author is a very

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amiable and cultivated person, who loveth all things both great and small, but that he is rather soft and ineffectual. The book does not lack charm, but it lacks vividness, profundity, positive quality.

THREE FOUNTAINS (THE). By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

"The Three Fountains" is a little book of sketches born of travel in Italy and Sicily. There is considerable variety: dinner at a pension in Siena, with an attempt to hit off humorously and satirically the types and the conversation; sundry other character sketches and conversations, mostly in satirical vein; an idyl of the countryside near Assisi; the Campo Santo at Pisa, moralized; the formal garden of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli rather beautifully described and interpreted; the *festa* of San Pancrazio at Taormina, etc.

One feels that Mr. Young is trying his prentice hand in several kinds; and one has to say that, except for the description of the garden of the Villa d'Este, he fails to achieve notable success in any. He is least successful in the satirical vein. He has no gift of portraiture. For example: "He" (the young Yale man) "looked strong, athletic; but one of those strong Anglo-Saxon bodies that any fine dream can blow away." Now whatever does he mean by that?

He has been praised for clarity of style, and rightly so; but in this book too often he does not think to a finish, he is vague; and his moralizings and digressive criticisms are thin and scarcely worth while.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Horace M. Kallen. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Mr. Kallen is a fervent and eloquent advocate of "cultural pluralism" as the most fruitful American ideal. In other words, he believes in continued emphasis on the composite character of this Nation, and he is instinctively, not to say racially, opposed to current tendencies toward the establishment of essential homogeneity not only in language but in regard to other cultural factors and manifestations. His papers may be described as a well-reasoned and, barring certain verbal intricacies, well-formulated brief for the non-Nordic side. His arraignment of certain hysterical and wholly inadvisable phenomena connected with the post-war Americanization movement is trenchant and must be welcomed as an antidote to some of the twaddle produced on the other side of this controversy. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that he is a partisan himself, and that his arguments frequently, though not always, fail to count with all the aspects of the racial struggle involved. Between a Protestant minister flirting with the Klan and a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi warning their respective parishioners against marriages with members of other creeds or races, the difference is, after all, not so very great. And while the pressure toward assimilation may be tyrannical on one side, the labor for "cultural pluralism" on the other too often has implications that reach much farther than can possibly be held compatible with the Nation's duty as well as right to exact an unqualified political allegiance from all its citizens.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ITALIAN LAKES (THE). By Gabriel Faure. The Medici Society, Limited, London and Boston. $2.50.

The world knows of few districts more beautiful or more famous than the one surrounding the narrow, river-like lakes of upper Italy—Lago Maggiore, Lago di Como, Lago di Garda, and so on. There nature at its best finds its smiling face still further beautified by man in one of his most exquisite moods. There wonderful palaces and gardens vie with picturesque little villages for the traveler's rapt attention. There one can turn from the charming pictures of Luini and Ferrari to the equally charming pictures mirrored in the blue waters of the lakes. The whole region is strikingly described and depicted in another volume of the Medici Society's new series of Picture Guides, named "The Italian Lakes" and written by Gabriel Faure.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK (THE). By Enos A. Mills. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

This memorial edition of the author's early volume on Estes Park has a foreword by R. W. Johnson and a brief but interesting biography of Mr. Mills by

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P. A. Rollins. It will be read with delight by the many who have visited the Rocky Mountain National Park, and with profit by those who intend to do so.

In a little cabin on the slopes of Longs Peak, which Mills erected when a boy, many of his fascinating books on wild life were written. For years he roamed over the surrounding mountains, observing nature at work and incidentally climbing Longs Peak, 14,255 feet, about three hundred times. It was always a privilege to wander afield under his guidance, for his eyes were of the keenest, and his mind was alert to interpret the life stories of the animals, birds, trees, and flowers which he met. He did much to create and develop the coming profession of nature guiding. Before long in all our National Parks there will be a free nature guide service that will contribute in the highest degree to the enjoyment and appreciation of our finest scenery. Mills had unusual ability as a story-teller, and his studies of wild animals and their ways are often amusing and exciting. He especially admired the trees at timber-line, understandingly photographing and writing of their brave battles for life amid the rocks and the storms. Would that his appreciation of a tree's or a wild flower's right to live were more general!

ROME IN SEVEN DAYS: A GUIDE FOR PEOPLE IN A HURRY. By Arthur Milton. Robert McBride & Co., New York. $1.50.

It is quite characteristic that this series of specifically American guide-books should be subheaded "for people in a hurry." There are hundreds of thousands of us who pride ourselves on being able to "do" Rome in a week or even less, and a goodly number of these will probably improve their records still further by merely "doing" the unconsciously humorous little book of Mr. Milton—not John, but Arthur. He moves at a most astonishing rate from one "sight" to another, but never so rapidly that he cannot stop to give his imaginary relatives an apt quotation, thereby killing two muses in one breath. And on page 82 he tells us that "here we took tea in the house that has recently been converted to this purpose, sitting on a balcony and enjoying the views." In all its vagueness, this passage is most reassuring. Even when taking Rome on the gallop, you must and can eat—by the wayside, so to speak. And it raises an interesting question: Whose views were they enjoying? Mr. Milton's, I bet you.

MISCELLANEOUS

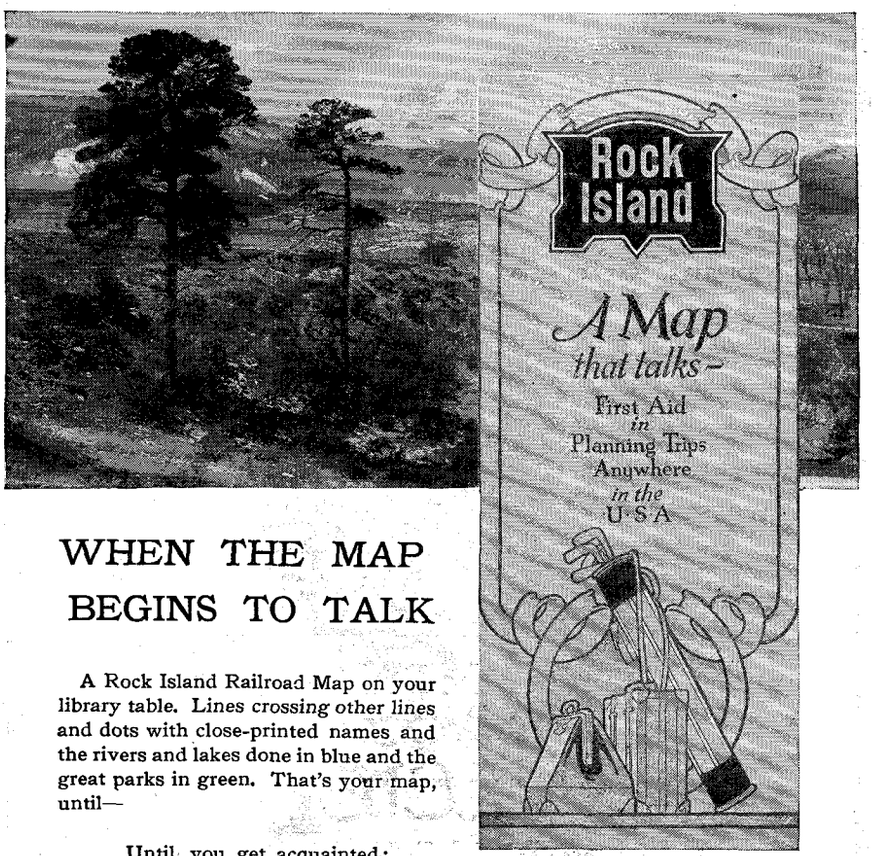
YOUNG MAN AND THE LAW (THE). By Simeon E. Baldwin. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.

A new edition of Judge Baldwin's short book of advice to the prospective lawyer.

VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. By the Editors of Vogue. Condé Nast Publications, New York. $4.

We look at this with a respect bordering upon veneration. In the first place, it is a well and even a handsomely printed book of nearly six hundred pages, containing a vast amount of good advice, with a minimum of fluff. And even the fluff we read with interest. The section telling how one should behave in the presence of the Duke of York, for example, does not make us sadly reflect that we are wasting our time; it attracts us, just as do those pages in ancient treatises on sorcery wherein is described the sort of spell which, woven at midnight and at a crossroads, will enable us to overcome our oppressors. It is the fault of the times and of our fate that we cannot put these things into practice; but shall we be base and utilitarian?

One set of persons may take a guide to etiquette with too much seriousness; while another think it clever to poke fun and to pretend to scorn its subject. Such



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extremes are to be avoided; the demand for books of the kind is constant, and this is a hopeful sign. The spirit of this one is that etiquette is based upon kindliness and courtesy, and upon that foundation a sensible work has been constructed.

At the same time we must admit that the warning against "novel or unique" weddings has disturbed us a little. The admonition that "Ladies are not married in balloons or lions' cages" caused us to send a telegram to our prospective bride that she must make a radical change in the arrangements which were under way.

Books Received

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

RURAL TEXAS. By William Bennett Bizzell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHRISTIAN IDEALS IN INDUSTRY. By Johnson and Holt. The Methodist Book Concern, New York.

EASTER PEOPLE (THE). By Winifred Kirkland. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 50c.

FRIENDSHIP OF GOD (THE). By A. Maude Royden. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

IDEALS OF ASCETICISM (THE). By O. Hardman. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SCIENCE

BLOOD PRESSURE. By L. F. Barker and M. B. Cole. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

By the Way

A BIG, jolly Irish traffic cop directs the unceasing stream of automobiles at the New York City terminus of the Manhattan Bridge, Canal Street and the Bowery. The surging crowd of home-going pedestrians encroaches, to its own danger, on the roadway. "Keep back!" yells the officer. "The more room ye give 'em, the quicker the cars'll get by. That's logical!" Then, with a doubtful glance at the East Side throng, composed largely of "Yiddishers"—"That is, if ye know what logic means!"

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Lily—"So yo' done mortgaged our li'l' home?"

Mose—"Jes' temp'rarily, honey, till de mortgage am fo'closed."

"What are the dozen best books of travel and adventure?" a subscriber asks. Such a list of course would vary with individual taste. Some of the following books would probably be included in any list of the sort:

Lord Anson's Voyage Around the World.

George Borrow's The Bible in Spain.

Captain Burton's Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca.

Dana's Two Years Before the Mast.

Harry A. Franck's Vagabond Journey Around the World.

John Muir's A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf.

Roosevelt's Through the Brazilian Wilderness.

Captain Slocum's Sailing Alone Around the World.

Stanley's In Darkest Africa.

Stefansson's The Friendly Arctic.

Bayard Taylor's Views Afoot.

Mark Twain's Roughing It.

The death of the noted coin designer, Victor D. Brenner, brings to mind the fact that one of his famous designs, that for the Lincoln cent, bore his initials, V. D. B., under the words "One Cent." They were barely readable with the naked eye, but could be distinctly seen with a magnifying glass. This issue was soon called in, a subscriber says; the initials were removed from the dies, and a new issue put in circulation. The coins as originally circulated are said to be prized by coin collectors.

Bees are remarkable for the possession of instinctive qualities that fit them for almost every emergency of their lives, but in some circumstances their instinct fails to protect them. A writer in an agricultural paper says that in northern Massachusetts there is more loss of bees

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from flying in chilly weather than from any other cause. Bees that fly in freezing temperature, or when it is too cold for them to fly except for a short distance, seldom survive to get back to the hive, he says. His remedy to discourage the bees from going out when the weather is cold or snow is on the ground is to shade the hives from the direct rays of the sun. Unless this is done they apparently think summer is coming and it is time for them to be on the wing.

Mr. C. K. Shorter, editor of the London "Sphere," enjoys making a few "digs" at the exclusive English clubs, the occasion being the centenary of the Athenæum Club. "There is the story," he says, "of the man who, newly elected, asked the way to the smoking-room, and was shown it by a member, who promptly asked him to lunch. 'Why should you ask me to lunch?' the new member said. 'Because,' was the reply, 'I have been a member of this club for thirty years, and you are the first man in it who has ever spoken to me.' Clubs are apt to exchange with others for a month of renovation," Mr. Shorter continues, "—the Athenæum with a Service club, where on one occasion an irate colonel, missing his umbrella, remarked, 'That comes of letting those d—d bishops in.' "

Among the "unguessable" riddles that have been sent in for solution by our subscribers is this:

I sit on a rock while I'm raising the wind;
When the storm has abated I'm gentle and kind.
I have kings at my feet who wait but my nod
To kneel in the dust on the ground I have trod.
I am seen by the world and known by the few;
The Gentile detests me, I'm pork to the Jew.
I never have spent but one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah alone in the ark.
My weight is three pounds, my length is one mile,
And when I'm discovered you'll say with a smile
That my first and my last are the best in the isle.

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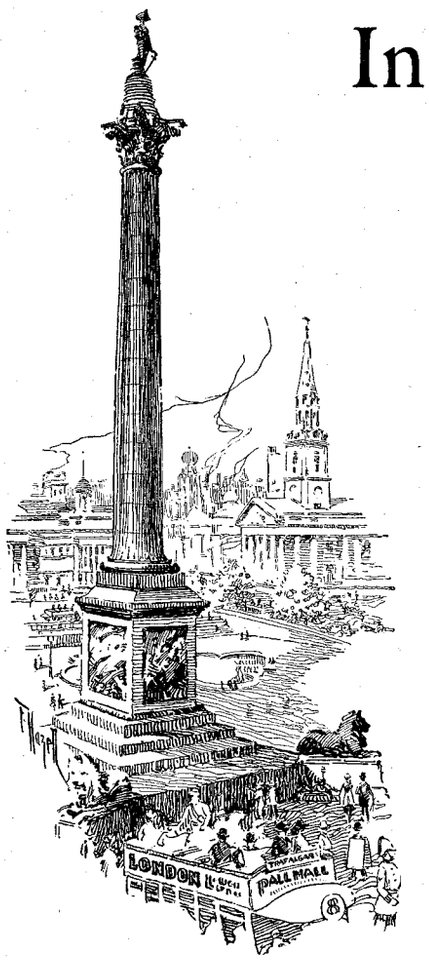
What is a Corporate Mortgage?

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

RECENTLY a leading daily paper in an Eastern city charged in its columns that a certain trust company had financed a rival newspaper whose proprietor was a candidate for the State Governorship. As evidence that such was the fact, the accusing editorial pointed out that the bank in question was trustee of the property of the rival newspaper under a corporate mortgage. It quoted a paragraph from the bonds issued in accordance with this mortgage as conclusive proof that the bank had financed the candidate's newspaper, and that the newspaper was therefore under obligations of a peculiar sort to the bank.

On the morning of the publication of this charge the direc-



In Europe—
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tors of the bank met and demanded a retraction of the offending article, on the ground that it was untrue because the bank, in acting as trustee, had not lent any financial support to the owners of the property trusteed. The next day the retraction was made.

This story is illuminating because it shows how widespread is the ignorance about the function of banks and trust companies in respect to bonds issued under corporate mortgages. It is interesting to know what the truth is; and it is probably interesting and valuable for owners of bonds, whether of many or of few, to realize just what is the relation of the trust company as trustee to the corporation financed by the bonds.

The average house-owner is more or less familiar with the "common or garden" mortgage on a home. What does such a mortgage really mean? It is a loan by the bank to the legal owner of the real estate, secured by the real estate. If the borrower fails to make the agreed payments or interest and principal to the bank that advanced the money, the bank may foreclose and sell the property to reimburse itself. Further, the bank requires that the property shall be insured and kept in repair. But in this case the bank is financially interested—primarily interested financially—in the property as mortgagee, *i.e.*, as the party to which the property is made over under certain conditions.

Keeping this situation clearly in mind, let us look at the problem of the corporate mortgage.

A corporation issues bonds for the purpose of raising money for real estate, equipment, and permanent improvements, and, as security for the bonds, to give them value to the purchaser, it pledges its property to a reputable bank as trustee. The bank does not advance one dollar on the bonds; it may, through its bond department or otherwise, purchase and sell some of the bonds. But as trustee its function is merely to see that the terms of the mortgage are adhered to. If the reader has ever deciphered the fine printing that appears on the face of one of his bonds, he will find a statement of which the following is a brief résumé:

The Blank Corporation . . . promises to pay to the bearer . . $. . . . . at the office of the Blank Trust Company, trustee, on blank date.

This bond . . . is issued under and subject to the terms and conditions of an indenture, executed and delivered by the Blank Corporation to Blank Trust Company as trustee thereunder, to the benefit of which the holder of this bond is entitled and to which indenture reference is hereby made for

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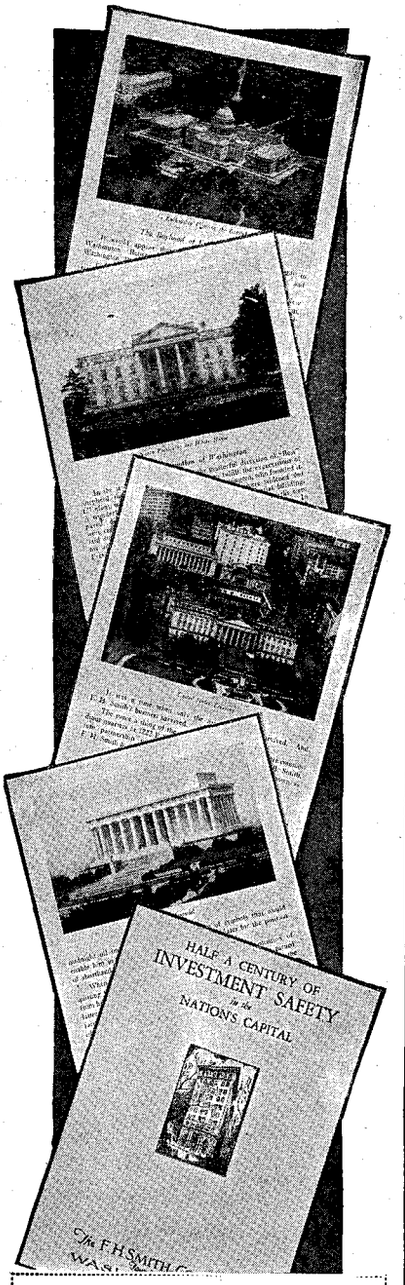

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successors and assigns all its real estate, personal property, rights and franchises [here follows a description of the same] to HAVE AND TO HOLD the said property unto the use of the Trustee and its successors . . . but IN TRUST NEVERTHELESS for the equal pro rata benefit and security of all the holders of the bonds issued or to be issued hereunder . . . for enforcing the payment of the principal and interest thereof, with the powers and authority and subject to the agreements, covenants, and conditions hereinafter set forth.

A corporate mortgage is frequently quite a formidable document, running to fifty or even a hundred and fifty printed pages. It has to be formidable because it must specify not only the general powers of the trustee, but the specific powers and the property covered. Like real estate mortgages, being, indeed, to some extent a real estate mortgage, such an indenture is recorded in the counties where the properties are situated. It is therefore a public document, and may be examined at any time by any one interested. How many bond owners, readers of this article, have ever read the mortgage securing their bonds?

From the index of a mortgage of a large electric light, traction, and power company to a well-known bank as trustee, I quote the following items to show something of the extent of the work involved on the part of the trustee:

Amount and description of the bonds, call and payment, certification and delivery, exchange, interest, redemption, registration, reserve for refunding purposes, right of bondholders to bring suit, provisions for consolidation, provisions for and remedies upon default, sale of property by the trustee and application of proceeds, foreclosure proceedings, insurance, care of partial releases of disused property, sinking fund, payment of taxes, the rights of the holders of said bonds and for the terms and conditions under which said bonds are issued.

There follows the signature of the treasurer of the corporation and then the "Trustee's Certificate," which certifies "that this bond is one of the issue referred to in the within mentioned indenture."

So much for the bond itself. One quotation from the mortgage will be sufficient to show the relation which has been thus established between the corporation and the trustee. Legally it is called the "habendum" clause of the mortgage:

Now therefore this indenture witnesseth that the Corporation, in consideration of the premises and of other good and valuable consideration, doth hereby grant, bargain and sell, assign and convey unto the Trustee and its

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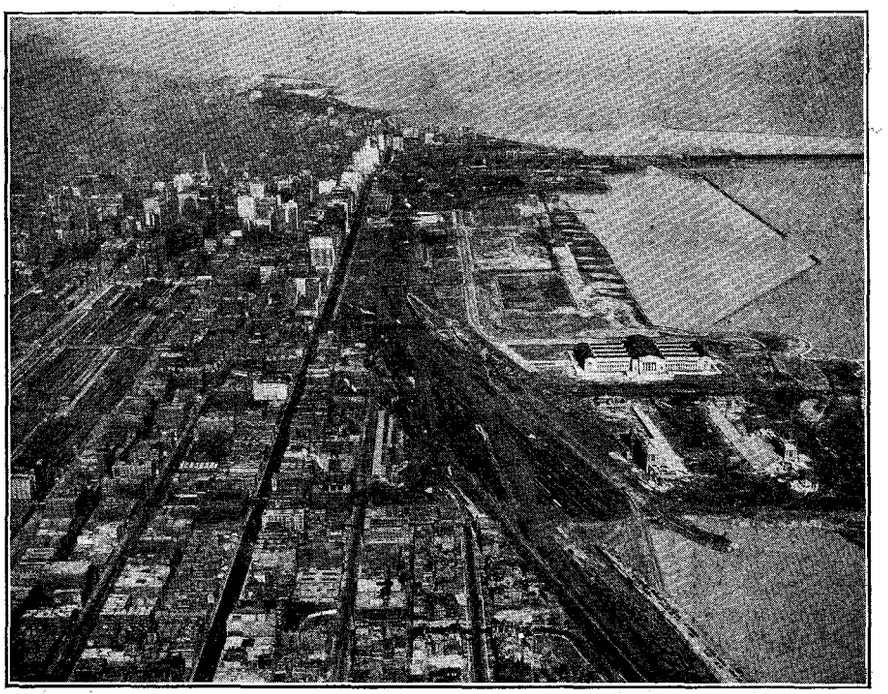
rights and liabilities of trustee, underlying bonds and mortgages.

Corporate trustee work is highly technical and skilled work. The chief function of the trustee is to see that the terms of the mortgage are kept. It is the trustee's duty to foreclose on the property as a last resort if any of the terms are not fulfilled, and more particularly if the mortgagor defaults in making payments of principal or interest. The trustee stands as a sort of guardian for the bondholders under a very definite and detailed contract. The trustee's first duty is to certify that each bond issued is one of the bonds authorized by the indenture—which means that the buyer is protected because an independent third party has performed this service for him. But before certification the trustee must be satisfied that the bonds are legally authorized and must be assured as to the financial responsibility of the corporation and that the proposed mortgage is a valid lien on the property covered by it.

From the time of certification and issue of the bonds the trustee sees that the terms of the mortgage are carried out. Just what this involves in the way of routine and of special labor, in the care of insurance, in seeing to the application of moneys deposited for maintenance and renewals, and the like, would take too long to describe here.

The average bondholder does have an interest in the character of the corporate trustee, but that interest is different from what is commonly supposed. The trustee, while paid by the corporation, is paid to carry out an instrument that is designed to protect both the business and the lenders to that business—in other words, the bondholders. The position is one of great responsibility, and it can be held successfully only by an institution of experience and standing. To the trustee it may fall to take over and manage, through agents, the property in the interests of the bond-owners. An error in judgment or in fact by the trustee may result in destroying the value of the property held under the mortgage, and thus in depreciating the value of each bond.

When you buy bonds, it is well to ask the name of the corporate trustee, and it does no harm to look over the indenture. If the name is bad, avoid the bond. If it is a good name, you cannot necessarily be assured that your investment will be a success, for the trustee has no power of control over the day-to-day running of the business; but you may be assured that the omens are favorable and that your interests as a bondholder will be watched and safeguarded under the terms of the mortgage with the most scrupulous care.



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Redcliffe, New Brunswick, New Jersey. A beautiful home on an estate of 18 acres of pines adjoining and overlooking the Raritan River. Catering to those wishing every comfort and restful relaxation. Discriminating patronage solicited. References exchanged. Address the Misses SCHENCK. Telephone 3024 New Brunswick. Open all the year.

The Wayside Inn
NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet. **Mrs. J. E. Castle, Proprietor.**

Woodleigh, Towanda, Pa. Excellent accommodations. Every modern appointment; good food, cream, milk, fresh vegetables, fruits. Owner nurse and dietitian. Mountain air. Fine outdoor life—river, saddle horses, automobiling. Cottages for large parties. Booklet. Miss Elizabeth Lamb.

REST IN THE ROCKIES OF MONTANA, away from crowds, heat and dust—with shade, pure water, trout fishing, nature hiking, saddle horses, mountain scenery, daily mail; cottages or hotel, good food, farm products, moderate charges. HAWKINS, 1910 Regent St., Madison, Wis.

Stratford Hall
7 Main Ave., OCEAN GROVE, N. J.
Ideal location at the beach. Table a feature. Rooms well furnished; a comfortable home for the summer. American and European plan. Phone 2119-R. C. O. HOCKEY.

COLONIAL and COTTAGES
Kitchawan on Croton Lake, N. Y.
65 mins. commuting from Mt. Kisco. Private golf links, tennis. Special Decoration Day rate, $5. Open May 29. Booklet on request.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Opens June 28th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 20th season.

TRAPPER LODGE Wyoming. A real stock ranch (16-1 brand), horseback trails, fishing, shooting, detached sleeping lodges. Our garden supplies our table. Complete mountain-top camp in summer. For reservations write W. H. WYMAN & SON, Shell, Wyo.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

YORK CAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE. J. LEWIS YORK, Prop. Famous Rangeley region, heart of mountains facing lake. Log cabins, baths, open fires, central dining-room. Garage, golf near by, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, milk. Booklet.

Rockwynn Magnetawan Country, Ontario Highlands
Affords all natural and home essentials for your holiday. Folder on request. 143 Delaware Ave., Toronto, Ont. R. N. SHORTILL, Prop.

Adirondacks—Sunrise Lodge, Mt. Arab, N. Y. Restful home for nature lovers. Water and mt. sports. Until June 20 address E. D. Barnes, 108 Thoma Ave., Maywood, N. J.

Country Board

SUMMER-ON-A-FARM
2 hours from New York City. Best care boys and girls, ages 4 to 12. Handcrafts, nature-lore, camping, swimming. Experienced college women in charge. Moderate terms. Miss C. C. Richards, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

Mother and daughters living in old-fashioned **VERMONT Farmhouse** wish to take **boarders.** Address 1,919, Outlook.

Clearwater Farm—Beautifully situated in the **Berkshire Hills,** near the Mohawk Trail. 1400 ft. elevation. Good country table. EDITH T. GRANT, Charlemont, Mass.

Cheemauna Lodge. On State Highway, Boston to Montreal. River front, boating, bathing, mountain hiking. Home cooking. Postcard view. Mrs. C. R. FORD, Sharon, Vt.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

FOR SALE In village of **BERLIN, CONN.** 1½ miles from railway, modern Colonial house in good condition. 15 rooms, bathrooms, electricity and gas. Two minutes from Hartford and New Haven turnpike, 5 from church. Gardener's cottage, 4 acres land largely set to fruit trees. Charming view. For terms, etc., apply at house or write to Mrs. J. B. SMITH, Berlin, Conn.

FOR RENT
Owner going to Europe, desires to rent house **IN GREENWICH, CONN.** for 3 months to a small family of adults. Three bedrooms, sleeping-porch, breakfast-room opening off dining-room on to attractive garden. Electric range, hot-water heater, sun-porch. Attractive terms offered if good care is assured. 1,935, Outlook.

New Canaan, Conn. For rent for summer, attractive home, hill location. Shady lawns, garden, fruit, garage. References. No agents. Room 3111 Singer Bldg., New York.

MAINE

Pemaquid Harbor, Me. **TO LET** Modern 6-room cottage. Charming location on harbor front. Photos on request. E. M. Hill, Stoneham, Mass.

Pemaquid Harbor Maine Coast. TO LET for season, 7-room cottage. Fireplace, running water, sea view. A. E. Barbour, Augusta, Me.

Seal Harbor and Mount Desert Island
MAINE
COTTAGES FOR RENT
GEORGE L. STEBBINS

Squirrel Island—Well-situated, well-furnished cottage, 8 rooms, bathroom, laundry. Hot and cold water. Electric lights. Apply Mrs. John L. Ames, 87 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

Squirrel Island, Me. Desirable 7-room cottage for rent. Electric lights, water, and large fireplace. Fine location. F. J. C. LITTLE, Augusta, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAPE COD Ocean Front Bungalows Fireplace, bath; modern rentals. **S. O. BALL, Truro, Mass.**

At MANOMET, PLYMOUTH, MASS. New furnished shore cottage to let or for sale. Broad piazzas, electric lights, hot and cold water, conveniences, open fireplaces. Terms moderate. **Wm. H. HAWLEY, Room 148, State House, Boston**

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished Cottage
Ocean front. Six rooms, fireplace, etc. R. E. FARRIER, 487 So. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Salem. To let. Colonial house, completely furnished, modern equipment, garage. Good location, near ocean. Ready for occupancy June 1. Moderate terms. Apply to Beverley Rantoul, 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

A completely furnished house in the **Berkshire Hills**
About 120 miles from New York
Steam heat, electricity, and garage. Two baths, four sleeping-rooms, living, music, and dining rooms. Kitchen and ample pantries. Several acres, vegetable and flower garden. The gentleman owning this property will rent it to a desirable tenant for room and board for himself. Apply 1,961, Outlook.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

White Mountains To Rent, furnished, summer home on pine-covered ridge overlooking Mt. Chocorua. Washington, and 30 miles of mountains. Broad meadows surround the house; flower beds and groves of pine. 6 bedrooms, 4 fireplaces, broad verandas, servants' quarters. Garage. Ice and wood furnished. On State road 3 miles from depot. $400 for season. Address Box 45, Silver Lake, N. H.

Wonalancet, White Mts. Two four-room cottages and one eight-room for rent. Sleeping-porches, all modern conveniences and gravity spring water. Not on State road and excellent place for children. ARTHUR T. WALDEN.

NEW YORK

FOR SALE Wonderfully Well Located Summer Home
On a beautiful lake eleven miles in length. Living-room 32x14; dining-room 14x16; sun-room, glassed and screened, 20x12; kitchen and butler's pantry; four bedrooms; two modern baths, artistically furnished throughout. Every modern equipment. $17,500, furnished. Five minutes' walk to up-to-date golf club. Large beds of beautiful perennial flowers. Rose beds contain 100 to 150 different varieties of roses. For fuller description and pictures communicate with
IRA B. STEWART, 295 Broadway, N. Y.

Adirondacks—The Crater Club, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y. Furnished cottages without housekeeping cares at moderate rentals; meals at the Club. *References required.* Circular on application. John B. Burnham, 233 Broadway, New York.

ADIRONDACK CAMPS
Furnished, 5 rooms, running water, $175 for season. 4-room camp for July, $90.
ALMON WARD, Jay, N. Y.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

For Sale, Unfurnished, or For Rent, Furnished
"THE KNOLL"
the home of the late
Dr. Lyman Abbott at
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric lights, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
H. W. CHADEAYNE
44 Smith Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
TO RENT. On Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, on Lake George
Furnished throughout. 3 bedrooms, large living-room with stone fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, and bathroom. Wood, ice, and rowboat included. Terms moderate. For full particulars address 1,149, Outlook.

FOR RENT FOR THE SEASON OF 1924 or FOR SALE

"Grey Cottage" in Keene Valley, N. Y., situated in beautiful surroundings 1½ miles from the village. Property about 5 acres in extent

The house contains 5 master's bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 sleeping-porches, 2 double servants' bedrooms; living-room, dining-room, kitchen and laundry are modern and complete; the garage holds 2 cars; icehouse filled. The house was entirely remodeled and refurnished throughout about 3 years ago. Table linen, silverplated ware, bedding, etc., are included. Wood for fuel is not included, but can easily be secured.
Rental—$1,000 for the season
Sale price on application
Address DR. CHARLES J. HATFIELD, care of The Henry Phipps Institute, Seventh and Lombard Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., or DURYEE & CO., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

$300 Gets Lakeside Farm
Good Bldgs.; Delightful View
15 acres for fruit, poultry, vegetables; handy stores, schools, churches; rich tillage, spring-watered pasture, woodlot; apple orchard, pears, plums; comfortable 6-room house, hardwood floors; overlooking lake; 50-ft. barn, poultry house, stable. To settle affairs $700 gets it, tools included, only $300 needed. Details and picture page 10 Illus. Bargain Catalog money-making farms, best sections United States. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150 B M Nassau Street, N. Y. City.

VERMONT

Dorset, Vt., Gray Cottage
A quiet summer home. 7 rooms, bath, electric lights, garage; large living-room with fireplace, piazza. 3 months, $350. Mrs. C. L. LEE.

FOR SALE OR RENT
Camp on Lake St. Catherine
Near Poultney, Vermont
1,000 Feet of Lake Front
Fully Furnished and Ready to Operate
31 bungalows, administration building, large dining hall, infirmary, tennis courts, boats, canoes, diving floats, etc.
Price $125,000
Brokers Protected
Joseph A. Day Inc.
Sole Agent
67 Liberty St., New York City

For Sale, Attractive House
bungalow style. Nine rooms, two bathrooms, fireplace, screened piazza, commanding wonderful view White Mts. Barn, three acres of land. Near churches, library, and hotel. Ideal summer home in town where many go every season to be free from hay fever. Will sell, or would let, furnished, for summer. Address Mrs. Agnes Temple, Lunenburg, Vt.

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Apartments

To Let, for June, July, August, and September, furnished apartment in **Hotel Margaret,** Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N.Y. Five rooms. Restaurant on ground floor. Enquire of Wm. C. Beecher, Hotel Margaret.

A Mart of the Unusual

Let me sell your slightly used gowns, sports clothes, and children's clothing on commission. More satisfactory than to sell for cash. MAY A. SHANNON, Wakefield, R.I.

Parliamentary Law and Public Speaking. Lessons in class or individual. Lectures given on Current History. Mrs. Cora Welles Trow, 350 West 55th St. Tel. Columbus 8244.

Sport Dress of Heavy Crepe-de-Chine. Machine embroidery in any desired color—White only. Featuring new raglan sleeve. Send for circular and sample 34-44. Price $25. Vera Studio, Elkins Park, Pa.

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WE assist in preparing speeches, debates, essays, club papers, to requirements. Mention subjects. Authors Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

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EMBOSSED STATIONERY. NEW—INEXPENSIVE—DISTINCTIVE. Embossed by our plateless process on white, blue, light amber, or gray paper in gold, blue, green, black, or red. 200 single sheets (half embossed, half plain) and 100 envelopes, or 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes, all embossed, $2. West of the Mississippi add 20c. Write for free samples. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY — 200 single sheets, 100 envelopes, nicely printed on Hammermill bond, dark blue ink, postpaid $1.00. Beyond third zone add 10c. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives and assistants. Social workers, secretaries, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., New York. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, hostesses, tutors.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite H 5842, Washington, D. C.

WOMAN of education and initiative wanted by publishing house for traveling position; this is an educational sales proposition with every opportunity of advancement for the woman capable of developing into an executive; liberal drawing account and commission; all transportation paid; do not apply unless you are sure your time is worth $75 a week. Write, stating age and experience, to B. E. Sparrow (5th floor), 50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED — Capable, reliable woman as working housekeeper for family of four (2 children) in New Jersey suburb. 4,893, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, cheerful disposition, for semi-invalid. Permanent position, liberal compensation, hospital graduate; best references required. Address Campbell, Box 34, P. O. Station O, New York City.

YOUNG lady to take charge of children, manage house for invalid mother; experience with children, music required; exceptional position. Write 119 East 72d St., New York.

RESIDENT companion for boy, 8. Country. Summer, seashore. Must be athletic; experienced. Write Fox, Spuyten-Duyvil, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

NURSERY governess, take care five year old boy, help study older children. State experience, age, salary expected. Write, 125 Broadview Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y., or phone 4309 M.

MAN and wife for cottage for boys in residential school, New York City, September, 1924, wife as housemother, man as teacher. Somewhere there must be a childless couple who desire to exercise parental instincts in directing group of twenty young boys. Opportunity to be of service under ideal conditions. 4,982, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

DIETITIAN who has had fourteen years' experience in college work desires position in school or institution. Sarah Churchman, Women's College, University of Delaware, Newark, Del.

Business Situations

EXPERIENCED woman desires position as buyer and caterer in hotel, club, tea-room, or institution. Ten years' experience. Address 4,986, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

PRIVATE school position desired by experienced young lady secretary. 4,987, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman desires fall engagement as matron or housemother in boys' school in or near New York. 4,960, Outlook.

AN educated church-woman, desires a position as secretary, mother's helper, or charge of a home. 4,959, Outlook.

WANTED, by college graduate, position as assistant in tea room for the summer, or would act as hostess. 4,965, Outlook.

WANTED—Position in tea room, part time, as assistant or cashier, noons and evenings. Capable young woman. References. 4,969, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EDUCATED, aristocratic lady would accompany girl or lady traveling in this country or abroad. Superior references. 4,961, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER, experienced, refined. Best references. Also manage dining-rooms. $100 up. September. Summer position camp or hotel, June-September. 4,958, Outlook.

POSITION desired as supervisor of culinary department in camp or club, or matron-dietitian in institution. Experienced. Reference. Address E. H., 101 East Washington Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADY, college graduate, adaptable, desires position as traveling companion for the summer. 4,964, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady desires position for fall. Housemother in girls' school or sorority house. Near Boston. References. 4,966, Outlook.

LADY wishes position where culture and refinement are appreciated. Companionship and housekeeping experience. References exchanged. 4,967, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady by refined American woman. Protestant. References. 4,968, Outlook.

TEACHER, secretarial subjects, desires summer position as companion or secretary. Good sewer, pianist, tea room experience, can drive car. Travel preferred, but will consider anything. 4,970, Outlook.

COMPANION or chaperon. Refined French lady desires European traveling position. References exchanged. Address 4,971, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S daughter wishes position as companion to elderly lady. Reference permitted to Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. Address 4,988, Outlook.

SMITH College graduate, '22, high school teacher during winter, wishes position as chaperon or tutor to young girls traveling this summer. 4,981, Outlook.

LADY desires position as companion or managing housekeeper in widower's home, children of school age, hostess or chaperon in Episcopal school. Capable and highest recommendations. 4,975, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, experience, adaptability, wishes position as companion-secretary to lady. Highest references. 4,974, Outlook.

HOME assistant, housekeeper, companion; excellent sewer; position trust refined American family, by educated Christian woman; personal references. State salary, duties. 4,979, Outlook.

YOUNG, experienced physio-therapist in large sanitarium desires opportunity as companion and nurse to gentleman traveling abroad this summer. Best possible references. 4,976, Outlook.

WOMAN, middle-age, experienced, desires position in refined home, companion or companion-housekeeper to lady living alone, latter including serving meals and light general duties (only) $15 to $25 per week. Phone New Rochelle (2470), or address M. B., care C. S. Reading Rooms, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS. Refined young French lady wishes position. English, Spanish, piano. Highest references. Travel anywhere. 4,894, Outlook.

SOUTHERN teacher desires summer position. Governess. Musical. References exchanged. 4,952, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman, college graduate, desires position tutoring or as companion during the summer. Will travel. References. 4,963, Outlook.

LADY, 38, Protestant, long experience teaching French and art, desires position in private institute, boys or girls. Autumn. 4,985, Outlook.

COLLEGE man, senior, desires position as tutor or companion this summer. Willing to drive car. References. 4,983, Outlook.

MRS. A. Rantoul very highly recommends English gentlewoman as governess or companion. Willing to travel. 81 Ivy St., Brookline, Mass. Tel. Regent 6600.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

TRY Blakewhiting, "Authorservice," Branford, Conn.

WOMAN, experienced with young people, owning delightful place in New England village, offers best home and moral training to little girl. $100 monthly. Interview Boston, New York, Philadelphia. 4,980, Outlook.

Another Yankee Heard From

REFERRING to John T. Rowland's article (in The Outlook for March 19), let me say it hits squarely on the head another Connecticut Yankee of New Haven lineage, who has spent twenty years Americanizing South Italians, and finds them responsive to our ideals.

Mr. Rowland speaks of "mistaken idealists who are forever clamoring for . . . absorption into our national body of all the debased racial stocks of the world." But are not most Asian and African folks excluded now without protest, while our Democracy is asked to exclude non-English-speaking Europeans because the old Americans have small families exactly at the moment when our branch of the human race "marks the highest point reached in the evolution of life upon this planet." This is a plea to thrill the galleries, for I recall the late Henry Ward Beecher saying, with happy humor: "While some doubt my balance, I have never so far lost my judgment as *publicly* to question the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race."

In our section we have Irish families of from twelve to fourteen children who agree with Mr. Rowland in thinking their own "species" superior, but then only three blocks off is a Brooklyn Bowery of lodging-houses crowded with irregular or dissipated lodgers, exclusively Nordic; the only Latins among them being hired to clean rooms and polish brass. Should the Italian menace to civilization persist, shall we not soon be appalled at a Florence north of Danbury or a couple of Pisas on the river Charles or a Sienna or so in the Berkshires? However, the A. F. of L. may happily delay their early construction.

Finally, as a social worker, may I not suggest that the need of Americanization is really great, largely because the Italian immigrant too frequently associates here with American-born folk of poorer standards than his own. To illustrate: Last evening my janitor brought up a friend to speak with me. For a time we talked learnedly of American history and morals, since the gentleman was born in the United States. At last I asked what particular thing he wanted, when he said, "I wish to secure an automobile license without taking the test." I advised him that I could not help him if I would and would not if I could. After he left, our disgusted janitor said, with great self-righteousness: "That is what I am always telling you; that man was born in America. In Italy they keep the law; not here."

W. E. DAVENPORT.

Brooklyn, New York.

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